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VOL. XXXII No. 40 OCTOBER 1, 1949 TWENTY CENTS

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Isaac Deutscher, author of "Stalin." *(See page 10)*

The Air-Conditioned Conscience
By FREDRIC WERTHAM

The Fallacy of Systems
By LEWIS MUMFORD

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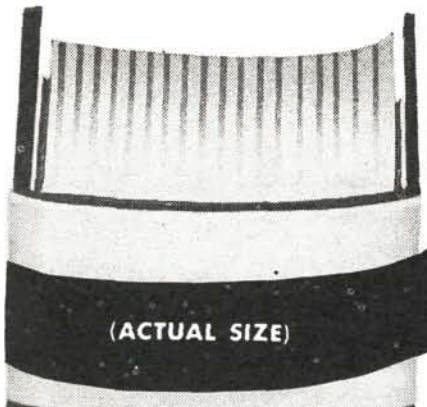

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low; Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert Birnbaum; Assistant Circulation Director. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulation. Printed in the U. S. Vol. XXXII, No. 40, October 1, 1949. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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In spite of that early beginning, the present Music Department of Oxford did not crystallize fully until 1924, and by that time 'the Faults' had long since been corrected, thanks to the finest printing, engraving, and paper, authoritative editions, and leading experts as editors. The Oxford music catalogue now is a large and distinguished one.

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TRADE Winds

EVERY COIN HAS two sides, insists Orson Falk, who was a minor celebrity on the Columbia campus years ago, and since TRADE WINDS bared details of a closed meeting of the Jelly Bean *Retailers*, he demands space for a report of a similar confab by the Jelly Bean *Manufacturers'* Institute.

The J.B.M.I. meeting, declares observant Orson, was a model of decorum. Blanket approval of all decisions reached the previous noon at a private gathering of the Jelly Beaners' Luncheon Club was voted unanimously without discussion. A special committee reported that candy-fanciers in North Dakota had eaten more jelly beans in 1948 when hungry than after heavy dinners. A visiting English competitor protested that American jelly beans were being illegally smuggled into New Britain, New London, and the Piccadilly Delicatessen on East Third Street. Two particularly distinguished directors wound up a game of tick-tack-toe with a flourish, and started a bout of hangman. One obvious neophyte had the bad grace to refer to a problem that was tearing the entire industry in twain. "You must realize," interrupted the president sharply, "that we never discuss anything here that could possibly offend a member of the Institute—particularly Mr. Platz, who pays the biggest dues, and has—shall we say?—a low boiling point. If you have a special grievance, I suggest you write it as an editorial for our trade organ, *True Confections*." "But they won't print it," protested the new director. "How quickly you catch on," beamed the president.

Before adjourning, the directors voted a large fund for a new survey of the entire jelly-bean industry, and selected for the job a lovely gentleman who had just returned from thirty years with head-hunters in the African jungle, and needed a little pocket money. On the way to the bar Orson Falk buttonholed the president and remarked, "Wouldn't it have been wiser to pick somebody with more obvious qualifications for the work?" "What's the difference?" answered the president genially. "We probably will never release his report anyhow." Falk says he hasn't been so surprised since an out-of-town literary critic came to see him without his newspaper's advertising representative trailing along behind.

Would an actual *consumer* of jelly beans like to have a final word before this discussion is closed for good? . . .

"THE AMERICAN GUIDE," published by Hastings House, has an infinite number of diverse and fascinating facts tucked away in its 1,348 pages, if the reader only has patience to ferret them out. For instance, it was in Etna, Ohio, that Johnny Appleseed planted his first orchard. There is a million-dollar driveway in Colorado—literally paved with gold. Everybody in Charleston, S. C., is so gosh-darned polite that one butler remarked with something like awe, "Even us servants is all broke out with behavior." Lititz, Pa., is the pretzel-bending center of the Republic; Hope, Ark., turns out the biggest watermelons. In New Haven, a sign marks the spot where "towners" mobbed "the gowns" (students of Yale) in 1845 because the medical school was suspected of "body-snatching." Zion National Park, in Utah, was named by Mormons who marveled at its deep canyon and cathedral-like walls of dazzling stone. Mormon Young accused them of sacrilege, and the name was changed temporarily to Not Zion. (The name of the comparatively tiny river that cut the canyon is the Virgin, leading local guides inevitably to quote, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.")

In St. Augustine, Fla., the "Chapel of Our Lady of the Milk and Easy Childbirth" stands on the site where Ponce de Leon, seeking the Fountain of Youth, said the first Holy Mass on American soil. There is a rising metropolis (pop.: 300) in Mississippi called "Hot Coffee." The first hotel in Amarillo, Tex., was built out of buffalo hides. The statue above the grave of the original Evangeline in the bayou country of Louisiana was posed for and donated by Dolores Del Rio.

A diligent student of "The American Guide" may fulfil Walt Whitman's demand:

> Who are you who would talk or sing to America?
> Have you studied out the land, its idioms and men?
> Have you learned the physiology, phrenology, politics,
> Geography, pride, freedom, friendship of the land? . . .

GEORGE SEATON, editor of the *American Turf Monthly*, has written a book for Greenberg called "Making Money on the Races," which attempts to prove that systematic betting on the bobtails can be turned into a profitable business—a consoling theory, possibly, to the thousands who have lost their shirts thereby in the past. I recall a jolly old priest who used to patronize Mr. Greco's barbershop in Delmonico's. "When I go out to the track," the priest would tell all and sundry, "everybody is glad to see me. Owners, trainers, and jockeys always tell me ahead of time who is absolutely sure to win. When I lose, I never dream of paying up. And gentlemen, believe it or not—even I am three hundred dollars behind so far this year." . . .

H. L. DAVIS, author of "Beulah Land" (Morrow), avers that a cowboy friend of his once ate a collection of ants—raw, not fried. "He got pinned under a fallen horse with his face in an ant-hill," explains Davis, "and seeing that it was either eat them or let them eat him, he did what anybody else would have done. He reported they weren't bad at all: a sharpish, acid flavor that he found decidedly refreshing in the heat of the day. He doesn't expect to make a habit of eating them, however." . . . Clarence Bleicher, president of the De Soto division of Chrysler, confesses, "When we have a tough job at the plant and our experts can't

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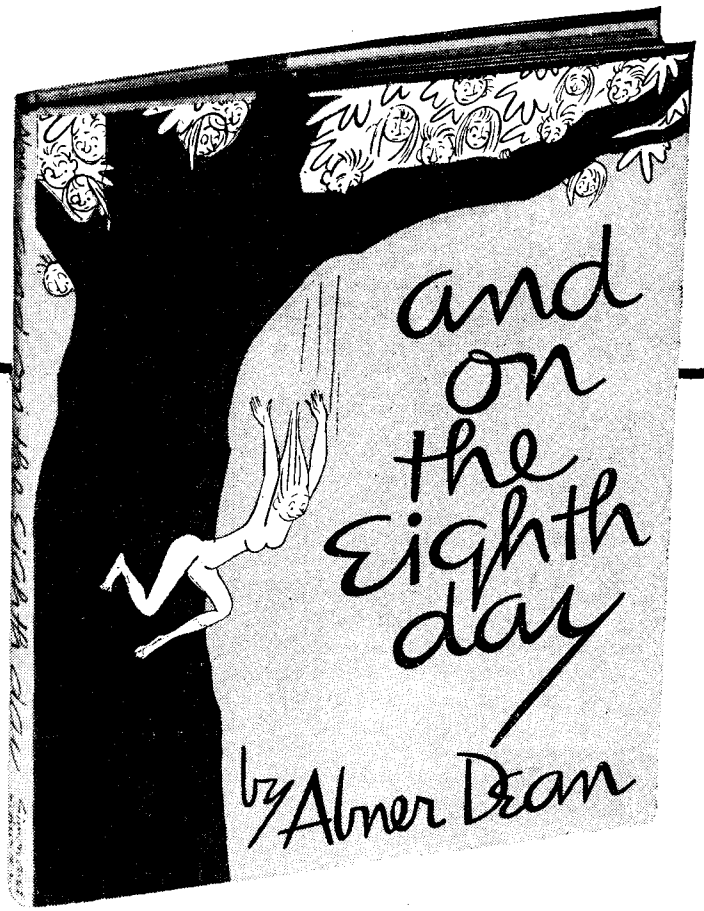
figure an easy way to do it, we put one of our laziest men on it. He'll find that easy way in forty-eight hours flat. Then we adopt the method." . . . James Poling, profiling the *Herald Trib*'s incomparable sports writer Red Smith for *Esquire*, recalls the morning of one Derby Day in Louisville when Red crept into the pressbox after the customary wassail the night before. Grant Rice took one look at him and gasped, "Man, you should see your eyes." To which Red made the mournful reply, "If you think they look bad from where you sit, you should see them from this side!" Smith cut a famed sports announcer down to size by pointing out, "He sprays the premises with bits of shattered syntax," labeled a stunning track upset "the most sensational reversal since Serutan," and described an Ivy-League graduate committee's method of interviewing a prospective football coach, "He was grilled in a well-bred manner, like a frankfurter at the Waldorf." "All Smith asks of life is a plinth," says Poling, "and since the dictionary defines plinth as a base for a column, his daily craving makes sense." . . .

PAUL CHAVCHAVADZE, whose forthcoming "Family Album"—something of a Russian counterpart of "Life with Father"—is a top item on the fall Houghton Mifflin list, recently engaged a Chinese servant named Pooh to buttle in his Wellfleet home. Asked to write out a list of his household wants for the ensuing week, Pooh showed evidences of a one-track mind by heading his tabulation with these three items: green pepper, red pepper, toilet pepper . . . Adolf Hitler continues in a class by himself as the big drawing card of the German book market. General Franz Halder's "Hitler as a Warlord" has soared over the half-million mark, and a Dusseldorf firm is readying a volume expected to sell even better: "The Private Life of Hitler," by a secret and beautiful confidential secretary of the late Fuehrer, "whose anonymity is strictly guarded." . . . I wonder what ghost writers are called in Germany. . . .

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY OF A midtown publisher, an extremely nervous girl at best, was fidgeting in the reception room of Dr. Rodgers's office, when a series of staccato reports sounded from within his private chamber. The secretary jumped to her feet in alarm, but the nurse soothed her with, "Nothing to worry about, Jezebel. That's just the old doc giving Mrs. Nussbaum some shots."

—BENNETT CERF.



Innocent readers are warned that this book is all about "your own unending and gigantic laughableness."

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

[AND ON THE EIGHTH DAY by Abner Dean, author of *What Am I Doing Here?* $2.95, at all bookstores. SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS]

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Air-Conditioned Conscience

FREDRIC WERTHAM

THERE exists right now a flourishing literature which for brevity and from its star example may be called peace-of-mind literature. These peace-of-mind books have not been studied as a group before. To lump them all together may be unfair to some individual book, and may not be quite scientific. But although there are no sharp boundaries, it is a group readily identified and with many common features. They are all "How To" books: How to Use Psychiatric Principles to Become a "Cock-Eyed Optimist."

At one extreme of this literature is a new variety of psycho-comic book for children. The one, for example, in which "Dr. Sigmund Adler" "literally walks through the subconscious mind" of a young man, finds an "inferiority complex," and says: "Ah, that is very important to his character, make-up, and why he is the way he is!" Then he uncovers successively a "claustrophobia," "acrophobia," a "guilt complex," and finally the early experience which made him think "his mother didn't love him." Of course, Dr. Sigmund Adler cures the young man—"but there are many who are too far gone." This is really the success formula of the whole peace-of-mind literature.

The setting of this comic-book story for children makes that even clearer. On the first page it is endorsed by a psychiatrist, "Child Guidance Bureau, Board of Education, New York City"; there are several full-page advertisements, one promising to "make you an *all-around* HE-MAN"—"prove it to yourself in one night" (for 25¢); another addressed to girls promising "enticing curves just in the right places . . . no matter what shape bosom you may have" (for only $5.95); and another assuring you that in five days you will be "actually playing piano with both hands by ear or note" (for only $2). The subtle stimulus to hypochondriasis in the first two advertisements, together with the threat or consolation about the "far-gone" cases in the story, belongs, of course, to the formula.

The bulk of the adult peace-of-mind books is written by laymen, professional writers, psychologists, and clergymen. At the other extreme are popular books written by psychiatrists. One would expect them (or would one?) to be different, more scientific and more constructive for the public's mental health. But it is easily demonstrable that they merge into the others and sometimes are even worse. Of a recent one written by a psychiatrist holding one of the most prominent clinical and academic positions in psychiatry on this continent, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* has recently commented, "The quality of many of these works is so poor that the lay reader becomes more confused than settled in his thinking. . . . The organization of the book [by this psychiatrist] is in itself confusing. . . . At certain points the text is even incoherent . . . rambling philosophical answers."

The literary historian will have no difficulty in unraveling the connection between these books with the new-thought and uplift literature of a previous era, such as the writings of Prentice Mulford or Ralph Waldo Trine. The new element is, of course, psychoanalysis and the popularization of psychiatry, and in the most recent brand, the brotherly contest and/or reconciliation between psychoanalysis and religion.

NOTHING will give you more quickly a picture of this whole literature than a look at some of the titles: "Let's Explore Your Mind," "Emotional Security," "Chart for Happiness," "The Complete Life," "Managing Your Mind," "Emotional Hygiene," "The Comforts of Unreason," "Making Our Minds Behave," "How to Psychoanalyze Yourself," "Personal Mental Hygiene," "Peace of Mind," "Peace of Soul," "Emotional Maturity," "On Being a Real Person," "How Sane Are You?," "How to Think Straight," "How Never to Be Tired," "How to Remember," "Mastering Your Nerves," "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living," "Life Is for Living," "Self-Analysis," "A Guide to Confident Living," "The Mature Mind," "Living Wisely and Well," "Psychiatry for Everyman," "Psychiatry for You," "And We Are Whole Again," "What Your Dreams Mean," "How to Think About Ourselves," "Understandable Psychiatry," "The Mind in Action," "Be Glad You're Neurotic," "Emotional Problems of Living," "Release from Nervous Tension," "How to Conquer Your Handicaps," "Make Up Your Mind," "Don't Be Afraid," "How to Get Rid of Fear and Fatigue," etc.

Roughly, these books can be divided into three categories. The first are the how-to-do-anything books or how-to-be-happy books based primarily on faith in oneself. They imply that any-

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one can do anything or be anyone. They seem to say that you can be transformed into a Tarzan or an Einstein if only you go about it in the right way and are persistent enough. In the second group are those offering similar help on the basis of faith in psychiatry. And in the third group the emphasis is on faith in religion—made more intriguing by psychoanalytic overtones, either consonant or dissonant.

The existence and wide popularity of these books raises a number of problems. There can be little doubt that the vogue of such self-improvement books indicates that there are lots of troubled people who need what these books promise—or think they need it. Since psychotherapy is restricted mostly to the well-to-do, the upper classes, and those, who need it least, many people evidently seek from books what they cannot get otherwise. What is the significance of this sort of book in terms of general mental health? And what do they mean in terms of the society that breeds and reads them?

From "The Art of Living," by Steinberg (to be published Oct. 5 by Harper).

". . . instead of 'guilt by association' . . . guilt by free association."

I have asked many people which of these books they have read and what they got out of them. In many instances I have tried to evaluate their effect objectively. There is no doubt that quite a number of these books contain grains of common sense and sensible statements of psychiatric observations which may sometimes be of some help, or at least give the illusion of helping. They have influence because they seem to be disinterested and objective, and because they carry the authority of the printed word plus the authority of the scientific foundations they claim to have.

One of the most typical replies I received was this: "I liked especially the case histories. A man got helped and I said to myself, why can't I help myself. It made me feel better to read that people can come out of all their troubles." That is, of course, a good attitude for people to take. The only question is, as Napoleon said, what did you do the next day? As another man told me, "I felt better after reading that book. But the next time it just didn't ring the bell."

A very decent and most harassed young woman told me: "I like these books. They foster understanding for self-discipline for two people to live together, let alone all society. They show that the same mechanism operates in religion and in psychiatry—both in the spiritual realm beyond material reward. They make you self-sufficient and give you inner peace. They give you the reasonable satisfaction which one needs to have if one wants to remain sane."

This answer illustrates the sweeping solace these books give on a theoretical plane, which is really a plane of unreality. For they are addressed to anyone or everyone and take no cognizance of individual differences. The readers are people who consciously or unconsciously reach out for guidance, help, and strength. They think they are getting individual understanding when what they really receive is generalized consolation. They don't like the rules by which their ordinary life must be lived, so they enjoy reading about rules which they would like to live by but don't have to. Whatever their own problem, they read avidly in these books that other people have the same problem. Not having the discipline of scientific clinical observation, they see themselves in any case history or any generalization. They find their fears about the present, and the future particularly, relieved, for as one man told me, "There was something in your childhood that causes all that, and that is the only thing that is wrong—and after I had read that I had peace of mind for twenty-four hours."

THERE, of course, is the rub. For many of these readers will fall victim to the implied threat that—as in the comic-book story of Dr. Sigmund Adler—they are "too far gone" and had better hurry to the nearest psychoanalyst. If advertising ever existed, this literature is it. As if in this day and age, when mental-hygiene clinics have waiting lists filled up for a year in advance, people still need to be "enlightened" in this respect! The trouble is that while the reader has the illusion that he is being directly and personally talked to he may be given all kinds of misinformation as if it were proven fact. In one of the recent articles which are miniatures of this kind of literature

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the writer (who is identified as the wife of an "eminent psychoanalyst") gives the shocking misinformation that electric-shock therapy is a good test to determine whether you are mentally disturbed or not! A similar article contains this misinformation: "The patient must spend an hour a day with the doctor for a period of perhaps one to five years, and the cost may range from $1,000 to $25,000. Anyone offering a much quicker or cheaper psychoanalysis, except as charity, may safely be labeled a quack."

Where these books deal with sex they commendably alleviate fears about perversions—while at the same time, however, describing them just in case you should not know them yet.

THERE is no doubt that many people have enlarged their vocabulary through this sort of reading. They have gained a surface understanding of deep psychology and learned a lot of new glib words, which are especially useful in social conversation if the other person doesn't know them yet. The difficulty is that a whole barbaric vocabulary has crept not only into conversation but also into literary writing: "ego strength," "return to the womb," and many other such expressions. When recently a pocket edition of "Manhattan Transfer" was published some people took it for granted that it was a book about psychoanalysis in New York. Psychoanalysis has reached into the psycho-theological books, too. And you can find in them such strained expressions as "souls stretched out on psychoanalytic couches."

But this is not just a question of words. More and more people are using psychoanalytic terminology not as a tool but as a substitute for thinking. Recently a judge sentenced an eighteen-year-old youth to death, disregarding the jury's recommendation of clemency. He stated that he based himself on the probation report which said of the defendant: "His personality is permeated with psychosexual habits of thought and conduct." What would the judge think if he learned that he also (and all other human beings) is "permeated with psychosexual" thoughts?

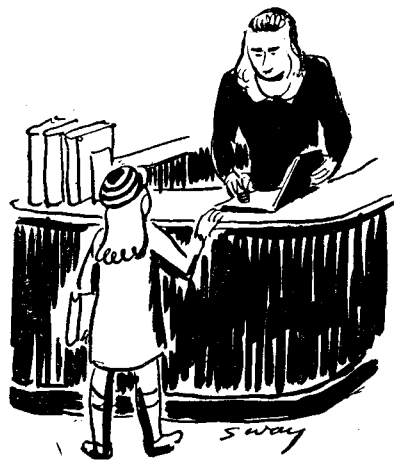
One attraction of these books is that they give simple, pat answers. Linking science, common sense, and spirituality, many of them do not leave out the material side of things. They talk about security, especially emotional security; but financial securities hover in the background. They seem to imply that the end justifies the means—if you have the means. And since they have to be best sellers a

(*Continued on page 26*)

The Fallacy of Systems

LEWIS MUMFORD

THERE is a tendency in every culture to reduce the complicated order that serves life, an order that penetrates many different levels of experience, that includes "material" and "spiritual" attributes, to a single uniform system; and to make that system the sole repository of meaning and value. In order to take in life intellectually, a system must reject many of the factors that belong to life organically, by reason of its varied needs and ever-developing purposes; and to have faith in a system is, therefore, a form of idol-worship, a pursuit of a false god, and a rejection of the manifold unity which alone can hold the meaning of life and preside fully over all its occasions.



The fallacy of systems is best exposed, perhaps, in education; and we can draw the moral equally from fictional or autobiographic accounts of it. One thinks, for example, of Sir Austin Feverel's system in Meredith's "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel." Full of reasoned contempt for the ordinary processes of his culture, Sir Austin contrived a watchful system of education, designed to avoid current errors and to produce a spirited, intellectually sound, thoroughly awakened young man. But the system had not reckoned upon the fact that a young man so trained might as the very proof of his education fall in love with a young girl not duly accounted for in the system, and elope with her in marriage; and that when the system intervened in this marriage, it would contrive a far worse tragedy than any purely conventional mode of education, less confident of its intentions, would have produced.

Or take an even better case: the childhood of Mary Everest, that woman of genius who eventually became the wife and helpmate of the great logician George Boole. Mary's father was the devoted disciple of Hahnemann, the philosopher of homeopathic medicine, and he applied Dr. Hahnemann's principles, not merely to medicine, but to the whole regimen of life. Following strictly the master's belief in long walks before breakfast and cold baths, the system-bound father practised upon his children a form of torture that drove Mary Everest into a stoical unfeelingness: she hated every item in the routine, and her whole affectional and sentimental life as a young girl in relation to her parents was warped by it: the resentment she felt against this arbitrary disregard of natural feeling is still evident in the account the redoubtable woman wrote at the end of her life. Believing in the system, Mrs. Boole's father never observed what was actually happening in practice: for the sake of testing out a doctrine he was ready to ruin a life.

Every intellectually awakened parent who applied one or another of the rival systems in psychology and education that became fashionable during the last thirty years can testify out of his own experience, if he reflects upon it—at least his children could testify—to the fallacy of oversimplification, which is involved in the application of system. Life cannot be reduced to a system; the best wisdom, when so simplified, becomes an error. Actual historic institutions have been modified by anomalies, discrepancies, contradictions, compromises, which are regarded with high scorn by the believer in a system: but it is precisely these weaknesses that constitute their strength. Czarism, as practised in Russia during the mid-nineteenth century, was a hideous system: capricious, tyrannical, all-pervading, inwardly unified. But, as Alexander Herzen showed in his memoirs, the system was made tolerable by two things which had no lawful part in it: bribery and corruption on one hand, which made it possible to get around regulations and to soften punishments, and skepticism from within, on the other, which made many of its officers incapable of

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carrying out with conviction and therefore with rigor the task imposed on them.

This tendency toward laxity, corruption, disorder is the only thing that enables a system to escape self-asphyxiation; for a system is in effect an attempt to make mankind breathe nitrogen and oxygen alone: with effects that are temporarily either exhilarating or soporific, but in the end are lethal; since the air that keeps men alive is composed of all these things in due proportion with carbon dioxide and other gases.

So, too, with the Christian Church: as a system it could not have survived, since if its counsel to espouse virginity as the highest good had been taken seriously by the greater part of its early followers, the Christian Church would have disappeared as completely as the Shaker sect, which took the injunction not to marry and reproduce in all strictness. And it is not the purity of Roman Catholic doctrine that has kept that Church alive, and enabled it to flourish even in a scientific age, but just the opposite: the non-systematic elements, seeping in from other systems of thought and other cultures, not least the vast increment of Greek thought incorporated through Thomas Aquinas, that has given it a

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vital buoyancy that seemingly tighter systems of thought have lacked.

THE fallacy of system has become particularly open to exposure during the last two centuries: never have its errors, in fact, proved more vicious than in our own time. Since the seventeenth century we have lived in an age of system-makers: divided first of all into two general systems, the party of order and the party of progress, as if both order and change, stability and variation, were not equally fundamental attributes of all manifestations of life. People sought to live their lives on the Romantic system or the Utilitarian system: to be conservatives or radicals, capitalists or Communists; and to organize their existence and attempt to organize the community as a whole as if such wholesale simplifications could do justice to the actual situation. Actually, by the middle of the nineteenth century, it was plain that capitalism, which originally had come in as a beneficent countercurrent to spiritual disorder and feudal lethargy, would, if unmodified by social considerations, strangle life: maiming the young and innocent, starving adults wholesale, in obedience to the blind law of market competition.

Similarly, it has become equally apparent in our own time that Communism, starting from an opposite series of premises, and indifferent to human elements not taken into its system, is ready with equal brutality to sacrifice all the variety and initiative needed for life to its own single-minded effort to liquidate the capitalist class and to concentrate all its powers into a much more compact and arbitrary master-bureaucracy. In the effort to make life work in obedience to its simplified premises, Communism originally sought to break up the institution of monogamous marriage, as a bourgeois relic, and turn the relationship into a temporary matter of convenience, which could be abandoned at will at any time. Those who take systems seriously have therefore looked upon the return to stricter forms of marriage, with less casual attitudes toward family solidarity and child-bearing, as a betrayal of Communism: where it was, in fact, a recognition of life-needs that had been left out of the purely systematic formulation of sexual relations Engels had originally conceived.

Now a system is a theoretic scheme; and it has a pragmatic usefulness, in that the formulation of a system leads to intellectual clarification. The pre-scientific age of abstraction, as Comte originally characterized it, was a great period of disentanglement: the numerous threads which formed the warp and woof of the whole social system were then separated and isolated. When the red threads were united on one skein, when the white were united on another, when the green, the blue, the purple were united on still others, their true texture and color stood out much more clearly than they had done when they were woven together in a complex organic pattern. But the attempt to organize any social organization, indeed any set of living relations, on the basis of making the whole community and every sector of life wholly red, wholly blue, wholly green, stems from a radical fallacy. A community where everyone lived according to the romantic philosophy would have no stability, no continuity, no way of economically doing the thousand things that must be repeated every day of its life: a community that lived on the radical principle of divorcing itself from the past and being concerned wholly with the future would leave out as much of the richness of life as John Stuart Mill's father left out of his education: by cutting off memory it would even undermine hope. A Marxian community where everyone had no life except that provided for the state, on the terms set down by the state, would sacrifice the very possibility of creating whole human beings, which was the generous core of all of Marx's most revolutionary dreams. To take a single system and to attempt to follow this thread through all of life's occasions is to mistake the very nature of such a thread: which is to add to the richness of the complex pattern woven by life itself. The fallacy of "either or" dogs us everywhere: whereas it is in the nature of life to embrace and surmount its manifold contradictions, not by reducing them to units and pulling them apart but by weaving them together in a more inclusive unity.

Three Poems

By Theodore Spencer

The Critics

WITH difficulty the ship was built,
Launched with more difficulty still;
The workmen were intractable,
The cradle was a rotten one,
The harbor had clogged up with silt . . .
And then the barnacles fastened on.

An Iris

IN THIS mid-century slough where fear
Soaks aspiration in despair
And the swamp fog blurs all design,
Still may you see one flower flying
Its steady color and opulent line,
Though poisoned at the root, and dying.

The Satirist

OH DO not think, because I make
Arrogant, wounded or unkind
Stabs at suffering, prowling man
That I'm not deeply partisan
To all that fumbles in his mind—
Whence else these lines, and for whose sake?

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Personal History. *To merit a first-rate biography, a subject's personality must possess intriguing qualities. One can hardly think of two people as dissimilar as Joseph Stalin of twentieth-century Russia and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu of eighteenth-century Britain, yet both excite the reader's curiosity. Is Stalin—the most powerful man in the world today—a bewildered, fumbling, temporizing provincial or a shrewd and far-seeing revolutionary? Was Lady Mary—the inspirer and confidante of Congreve and Fielding, the foe of Pope and Walpole—a lovely or disagreeable creature, a cruel or understanding woman? In "Stalin: A Political Biography" Isaac Deutscher offers some answers to the first question, while Lewis Gibbs copes with the baffling gentlewoman in "The Admirable Lady Mary" (reviewed today).*

Master of the Masses

STALIN: A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY. By Isaac Deutscher. New York: Oxford University Press. 600 *pp.* $5.

By MARTIN EBON

PRESIDENT TRUMAN once called Joseph Stalin "a prisoner of the Politburo." In his political biography of Stalin, Isaac Deutscher shows that the Soviet premier is indeed a prisoner—a prisoner of his own career, his own eminence, and his own illusions.

Stalin has been the master of Russia and of world Communism for nearly a quarter of a century. And yet, during all this time he has lived in isolation. He is the head of a vast political-economic machine, and at the same time he is its slave. Deutscher's biography turns a spotlight on the many forgotten incidents that have shown Stalin bewildered by the unexpected, fumbling, temporizing, about-facing.

The first half of the book deals with Stalin's early and middle life. That is ground which has been covered by others; this compilation shows discretion and care as it leads up to the period when Stalin became the most powerful man in the world. The boy, the adolescent revolutionary, the patient Bolshevik Party secretary made room for the master of masses. Writing of Russia's rapid industrialization, Deutscher says:

> Imagine that that nation numbered 160 million people; and that it was lured, prodded, whipped, and shepherded into that surrealistic enterprise by an ordinary, prosaic, fairly sober man, whose mind had suddenly become possessed by a half-real and half-somnambulistic vision, a man who established himself in the role of super-judge and super-architect, in the role of a modern super-Pharaoh.

Mr. Deutscher, a staff member of *The Economist*, of London, finds again that Stalin set forces into motion which gathered runaway momentum. Things were forever going too far. He had to blame the "distortionists" for the "excesses" of farm collectivization. He had to go back on his own definition that Fascism and democratic Socialism were "not antipodes but twins." He made a pact with Nazi Germany because he did not expect Poland and France to fall so quickly. He tried to placate Hitler by closing the Belgian, Norwegian, and Yugoslav embassies in Moscow, because their governments had ceased to exist. Deutscher says that this act, and the allegation by which he supported it, pose the question of what was more astounding, "his lack of scruple or his shortsightedness."

Sir Stafford Cripps, then British Ambassador in Moscow, told Stalin about the forthcoming German attack on the Soviet Union. As late as one week before the Nazi invasion, the Soviet news agency violently attacked Sir Stafford for spreading rumors of an "impending Russo-German war." The biographer says it would be difficult to find "anything quite as pathetic as this statement, where Stalin praised before the whole world those who next week were to unmask themselves as Russia's mortal enemies and taunted those who next week would be her only allies."

The self-imprisoned Stalin was the only leading statesman who never once visited the front, but remained "voluntarily immured in the Kremlin throughout the war." Until the last moment, this biography indicates, Stalin suspected the Western powers of toying with the notion of a separate peace with Germany. In this he misjudged the powerful force of public opinion in the Western democracies, which would never have permitted its heads of state to make any such deal with Nazism. His suspicions would not die, and at Teheran he looked upon Churchill and Roosevelt

THE AUTHOR: Forty-two-year-old Isaac Deutscher, a British subject now, has had an ear to the Party line since its beginning, when as a youth in Cracow he turned aside from the Talmudic scrolls of a Polish rabbinical family to fondle, briefly, the Red hammer and sickle. There being no room for disagreement with Moscow, and Mr. Deutscher being traditionally one to question why, in 1932—then literary critic, economist, and political publicist in Warsaw—he was expelled from the camaraderie. Equipped with thirteen years' on-the-ground knowledge of Russia and the Ukraine, he went to London in 1939 as correspondent for some Polish newspapers. That year he began to write about European economics and politics for *The Economist*, on whose editorial staff he has been since 1942 as chief Continental correspondent, military reporter, and authority on the USSR. For four years (1942-46) *The Observer* gave him berth as special writer on diplomatic affairs and roving correspondent. He also provided it with personality studies of prominent Europeans and, under the nom de plume "Peregrine," contributed a popular weekly feature, "European Notebook." Among the various additional publications which have sought his articles are *The Times* of London and, frequently of late, *The New York Times Magazine*. BBC has called on him to air for its "Third Programme" his interpretations of what's current with the Communists; the Royal Institute of International Affairs has given him podiums, and the new edition of the "Cambridge Modern History" will include chapters by him on contemporary Russian history. "Stalin" is the first book of the trilogy "Social History of Russia," on which he is engaged. The next two will be on Lenin and Trotsky in exile. —R. G.

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merely "as representatives of the capitalist class."

Mr. Deutscher interprets Stalin's actions during the final war period as the results of indecision. They were lost in the shuffle of approaching peace, and it is worth recalling some of them: the conservative policies of the French and Italian Communist parties; a half-hearted and amateurish attempt to establish contact with the Vatican; insistence on Russia's annexation of Eastern Poland, although the Warsaw Government was to be a Moscow-controlled regime; dismantling of East German industry, although it was to serve as an arsenal for the Soviet Union, under Communist control; the Free Germany Committee in Moscow, which might have become a ready-made German government under Stalin's guidance.

In Stalin's personality forces of tradition and revolution have been at odds. In his German policy the biographer finds that "the nationalist, one might say the anti-revolutionary, element predominated longest." Deutscher says that Stalin's foreign policy resulted not from preconceived plans but from contradictory domestic and foreign pressures—and "control of events over him was much stronger than his control over events."

The author does not ask or answer the question of the decade: What prompted Stalin to abandon the tactical advantages of the soothing and conciliatory "Teheran period," and to embark instead on a furious anti-Western and anti-American crusade? This biography does suggest that Stalin once more erred in his estimate of Western mood and reaction; once more he did not anticipate that a policy of renewed antagonism would alienate the allies of yesterday.

Mr. Deutscher's book, a product of painstaking and astute journalism, brings Stalin up to date. Much of the material is based on recently published "inside" stories by prominent statesmen. It is excellent in compilation and presentation, but weak on personality analysis. In the end, the author finds Stalin superior to Hitler; but then, Hitler was a madman, and Stalin isn't. Deutscher weighs the positive and negative facets of the Stalin regime with care, although his spirited criticism of the Soviet system is far from the bloodless, on-the-one-hand-and-on-the-other-hand school of writing.

The picture of a man self-isolated and ignorant of the world on our side of the Iron Curtain which emerges from this political biography of Joseph Stalin is disquieting. What will he do next, this lonely, old, fear-ridden man in the Kremlin?

Sappho in Hoopskirts

THE ADMIRABLE LADY MARY. By Lewis Gibbs. New York: William Morrow & Co. 255 pp. $4.

By Robert Halsband

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONtagu is a particularly fascinating subject for a biography. In her long eventful life, from 1689 to 1762, she lived through more than a lifetime of quarrels, happiness, scandal, pain, and fortitude. Her earlier years saw her romantic elopement with Edward Wortley and her perilous journey with him to Constantinople when he was appointed Ambassador. She also became a friend of Alexander Pope, who started by passionately adoring her and ended by passionately hating her and libeling her as an infamous lewd Sappho. At the age of fifty she enigmatically left England for a retirement on the Continent which ended when she returned to die in England twenty-two years later. Even from beyond the grave her strong will prevailed, for the next year her Embassy Letters, which she had given to a clergyman in Rotterdam, were published against the wishes of her family. What sort of personality formed—and was formed by—such a life? Pope and Walpole have sketched her portrait in acid, but Joseph Spence, the sober professor of poetry at Oxford, met her in Italy and reported differently:

> She is one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet; she is all irregularity, and always wandering; the most wise, most imprudent; loveliest, most disagreeable; best-natured, cruellest woman in the world, "all things by turns and nothing long."

Aside from her fascination as a personality, Lady Mary is important for her activities in the literary scene of the eighteenth century. She scribbled facile witty couplets and composed vigorous thumping essays; she bestowed her friendship or her patronage on writers as important as Congreve and Fielding; and she wrote letters of all sorts which have given her preeminence in that genre. Here again her versatility is astonishing: the priggish courtship letters, the elaborate virtuoso Embassy Letters, the sparkling social series from Twickenham, and finally the long series of leisurely philosophical letters from her retirement. "I am dragging my ragged remnant of life to England," was one of the last sentences she wrote, and it shows the tough fiber of her mind. She is sometimes called the English Mme. de Sévigné, but she

Lady Mary—"quarrels, happiness, scandal, pain, and fortitude."

has not much of the Frenchwoman's soft tenderness. Voltaire preferred her letters to those of his countrywoman; they were not for her nation alone, he wrote, but for all nations.

The elegance and erudition which Voltaire found in her letters came from a highly cultivated mind, for while she shared some of the prejudices of her social class, she also shared the new scientific and cultural interests of the wider world. From Turkey she brought back and popularized the practice of inoculation for smallpox. She talked and wrote about marriage and the position of women; she was, in fact, a pioneer feminist. The learning she acquired with steady application she carefully disguised, for as a *bel esprit* she despised pedantry whether in a man or in a bluestocking. Her intellect was so keenly developed, so free from cant and affectation, that it is hard to think of her as a woman in hoopskirts at the courts of the first two Georges.

A woman with such a life, personality, and mind is no easy subject. Mr. Gibbs admits that he has no new materials; his aim seems to be to emphasize her admirable qualities and to enliven her rather dull husband. But his evidence, as contained in the last edition of Lady Mary's works (1861), has been squeezed so dry by previous biographers that he is forced into elaborate conjectures for his analyses. One example may be given:

> However it may have been (and hardly any evidence about it exists) there can be no doubt that Mr. Wortley exercised a strong in-

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fluence on Lady Mary's life; but it is not so easy to say what, exactly, that influence was.

Mr. Gibbs also goes to great lengths to point up the two great unsolved mysteries of Lady Mary's life: why did she quarrel with Pope, and why did she leave England in 1739? He sets forth the problem in great detail without coming any nearer to the solution than previous biographers. But his style is light and graceful and he has excellent taste in quoting from the letters. He has written an interesting if superficial study of the (sometimes) admirable Lady Mary.

Robert Halsband, a member of the English Department of Hunter College, discovered and edited Lady Mary Montagu's "Nonsense of Common-Sense, 1737-1738."

Personal History Notes

ESPECIALLY FATHER, by Gladys Taber. Macrae Smith. $3. This is an unusual book—a remembrance of things past from which the tremolo of nostalgia is largely absent, which does not invite the reader to guffaw or to weep. It is quiet, placid, unpretentious. Its people are not caricatures; they do not play character parts; they are never involved in uproarious predicaments. The most violent incident concerns a house afire; it is narrated without dramatics.

Gladys Taber grew up in "the days when nice girls came in at half past ten," when a store that sold bottled beer was considered "fast," and when houses had attics—attics not "rented to a young couple who keep house with a hot-plate," but stuffed with "old sea chests filled with albums and letters," and "trunks of velvet and satin dresses with long, tight bodices and full skirts, any one of which I might wear today."

The father around whom the narrative revolves was a geology professor, but he is far removed from the stereotyped professor of most fiction and much factual reminiscence. For one thing, he is not at all absent-minded, but thoroughly present-minded. He lived in Wisconsin, and he loathed "the LaFollette gang"—the original LaFollette, that is. They were "just a bunch of radicals." His calling took him to Colorado, New Mexico, and Mexico, and he took his crotchets and his family with him. There are a hundred facets of his (and their) adventures which his daughter could have crammed into her story, but she chose not to. She says what she has to say simply and with restraint, with gentleness, and with humor. The result is a calm and refreshing variation on a familiar and usually rather slam-bang theme.

—Booth Tarkington, from "Your Amiable Uncle."

YOUR AMIABLE UNCLE: LETTERS TO HIS NEPHEWS, by Booth Tarkington. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75. In the fall of 1903, with "The Gentleman from Indiana," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Two Vanrevels," and "Cherry" as wards against bankruptcy, Booth Tarkington went on his first trip to Europe. His wife and his parents accompanied him. Back in Indianapolis were three nephews—John, Donald, and Booth Jameson (the later dedicatees of "Penrod"), aged, respectively, fourteen, twelve, and one. Their uncle, not by design, wrote them enough letters, accompanied by enough pen-and-ink sketches, to make a 192-page book. It was well worth making. Tarkington on vacation was an overgrown kid having the time of his life and passing the fun on to other kids. He giggles, bubbles, and makes jolly and outrageous jokes—the interpretation of Doge as Dog holds through all his Venice letters; he promises the nephews "wonderful" Christmas presents ("we have bought you each a lovely, calfbound hymnal"); he shoots over their heads with a reference to the house where Mr. Alfred de Musset lived "with his friend Mr. George Sand." He writes, obviously, without the slightest suspicion that forty-five years later the little devils will publish the stuff. If, somehow, he gets wind of this, he will be delighted.

SIAM DOCTOR, by Jacques M. May. Doubleday & Co. $2.75. This is a worthy addition to the roster of "doctor books." Dr. May, who now lives in America, was sent to Siam in 1932 by the French Foreign Office and remained there eight years. The exotic element in his history is not overaccented; one is not drowned in atmosphere. True, many physicians complete long careers without encountering royal princesses whose persons are regarded as too sacred to be examined, or meeting with a case of blackwater fever, but patients appear to be patients the world around,

—From "Siam Doctor."

and doctoring in Siam bears a recognizable resemblance to doctoring in Bridgeport. In the summer of 1940, with Vichyites running the show in Indo-China, Dr. May sensed the approach of collaboration and escaped by smuggling himself aboard a British ship—an incident which he describes without dramatics. His narrative is a conscientious and readable slice of autobiography.

BETTER THAN GOLD, by George Matthew Adams. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.50. George Matthew Adams's office (he runs a newspaper syndicate) is lined with the works of his favorite authors in first edition—a fact which helps explain why the index of this book, a selection from a daily column which he has been writing for thirty years, contains six references to Ralph Waldo Emerson, five to Robert Frost, five to Lafcadio Hearn, seven to W. H. Hudson, seven to Samuel Johnson, five to E. V. Lucas, eight to Robert Louis Stevenson, eight to Thoreau, and nine to Walt Whitman, to choose only the most abundantly cited authors. What an influence—unrecorded, unmeasurable, but powerfully real—he must have had, and must still be having, on America's reading taste! Mr. Adams does not write literary causeries; he merely sets down a simple, honest, authentic philosophy of human relationships which is an accurate and understandable expression of his own personal credo. Much has been written (and more, intramurally, said) about the decline in prestige of the newspaper editorial page (*vide* Presidential election results, 1932 ff.)—here are editorials that do get read and do have influence. One hopes the rumor that Mr. Adams is projecting an autobiography turns out to be true.

TOM CULLEN OF BALTIMORE, by Judith Robinson. Oxford University Press. $3.50. Thomas Stephen Cullen, of Bridgewater, Ontario, took his M.B. at the University of Toronto in 1890 and the following year set out for

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Johns Hopkins. He has been there ever since, much of the time as professor of gynecology. In 1913 he came forward with a plan for cancer publicity which, at the time, was viewed in some medical quarters with as high horror as if he had suggested that doctors hire sandwich men. Bok of *The Ladies' Home Journal* was persuaded to take up the idea, and the campaign of education was on—how many thousands of lives has it saved? Dr. Cullen once took an eighty-nine-pound tumor from a woman who weighed, tumor and all, 174 pounds. She did all right. His published writings include a treatise on the umbilicus—"a book of 700 pages concerning an area not more than two centimetres in diameter," reports his lively and understandably enthusiastic biographer. (Dr. Cullen denies this—says the book has only 680 pages.) As if surgery and teaching were not enough, he later became president of the board of the Enoch Pratt Free Library. When patients about to be operated on asked him, as patients will, just what he was going to do, he would answer: "As little as possible and as much as necessary." That ought to make the quotation books.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, by Max Miller. Dutton. $3. Modesty is said to be a refreshing virtue in anyone. In a writer it is startling and perhaps unhealthy, too, for it cannot help him very much with his work. In this book of random reminiscences modesty shows up everywhere, as a kind of deterrent; it mutes Mr. Miller's tones, it laughs away his big moments and deprecates his writing. Max Miller has never thought of himself as a Writer, but rather as a writer, lower case, a man who has come by a series of amusing accidents to making his living with a typewriter. He was a crazy kid who sold papers in Everett, Washington. He caddied, he did a turn in the Navy, he went to college and ran the paper there, he covered the Dempsey-Gibbons fight at Shelby, and he went off to Melbourne on a definitely non-expense-paid tour in search of newspaper stuff. He had to live on what he could get printed, and there in Australia began his career as a practical writer. This is the twentieth of the books that came of it. The most notable was "I Cover the Waterfront," which earned Mr. Miller a brief stay in the spotlight. For the rest, as he happily admits, he is an honest working journalist, telling what he sees in the most palatable manner possible to a competent writer of good will and earnest intentions.

—NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

U. S. A. *With newspaper headlines heralding strikes, actual or potential, in such basic industries as coal, steel, railroads, and automobiles, the first of the books reviewed below is particularly apropos. In "Unions and Capitalism" Charles E. Lindblom maintains that labor unions have become so powerful that they threaten the long-term welfare not only of the capitalistic system and the public, but of the workers themselves. More friendly views of two large unions are given in books which will be reviewed here shortly: Howe's and Widick's "The UAW and Walter Reuther" and Saul Alinsky's "John L. Lewis." . . . The monumental balance sheet of "America's Needs and Resources" which the Twentieth Century Fund drew up two years ago has been reduced to a form in which it can be appreciated by the average busy citizen in "U. S. A.: Measure of a Nation" (reviewed on the next page).*

More & More & No Competition

UNIONS AND CAPITALISM. By Charles E. Lindblom. New Haven: Yale University Press. 267 *pp.* $3.75.

By WELLINGTON ROE

PROFESSOR LINDBLOM has put his finger squarely into a pie which those labor-union officers who are conscious of the disruptive effect of modern unionism on the established economic system would prefer to leave untouched, hidden at the back of the cupboard for family use one day when no company is around. By doing so he has brought into the open a problem which demands careful exploration by all concerned with or interested in the end-product of the power drive of American trade unionism. This, in fine, means all of us.

Basically the book explains the incompatibility of strong trade unions and competitive price-profit economy. Unions, says Lindblom, are anti-competitive by nature and anti-progressive by design. He assembles a considerable volume of documentation to support his argument. He has also loaded his presentation with static concepts of professional economists. This weakness in the book will provide a field day for labor-minded observers of economic phenomena and and will give union economists the happy chore of proving just how unsound the work is. But in this book the student and the union economists will be ignoring the essential value of the work, which is the statement that the growing power of unionism will eventually prevent the capitalist system from functioning. It may be that such an event will be no particular cause for regret when and under the circumstances in which it will occur. Nevertheless, it is good that Professor Lindblom has given us the warning of things to come unless union functionaries become more responsible to their duties as citizens and less determined to promote the short-term interests of a special group. As he makes clear also, the politics of unions tend to work against the best interests even of the wage-earning group for which union officers claim endlessly to toil.

The wage or perhaps the wages-as-social-implement policy of unions has come to reflect the desires of the controlling group within the union (which is frequently a minority) instead of over-all benefit to workers in an industry or majority membership in the union itself.

This fact is best illustrated by an examination of union wage policies based upon the traditional insistence of trade-body leaders that members of their organization get "more and more and more—and now" for their

—*Burck* in Chicago Sun-Times.

"After you, my dear Gaston."

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labor. What happens when this attitude is elevated to a policy is seen through Lindblom's scrutiny of the operations of the United Mine Workers during the Twenties. As a result of the UMW's wage policy high rates of mining coal forced production from union to non-union fields. Union employers in desperation broke their contracts. This resulted in widespread unemployment among union miners. Dissension within the union because of this grew so general that its membership dropped from about 400,000 in 1924 to less than 150,000 in 1932. Had it not been for the New Deal labor legislation of the early 1930's, particularly the impact in 1932 of Section 7 (a) and (b) of NRA on union matters, the Mine Workers probably would have expired within a few years.

Here is a classic comment upon the union leader's lack of knowledge of economics or his interest in using whatever such knowledge he may have. Again, as Lindblom remarks: "A union may . . . deliberately and rationally choose to destroy itself through high rates, particularly if the decline in employment opportunities is less rapid than the decline in union membership. . . . "

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 328

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 328 will be found in the next issue.

G MXKGZ SKSUXE

JUKY TUZ SGQK G

VNOUYUVNKX, GTE SUXK

ZNGT G JOIZOUTGXE

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MXGSSGX.

—PUNT NKTXE.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 327

When one has been threatened with a great injustice one accepts a smaller as a favour.

—JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

What is meant here, of course, is not that the union will expire, but that its membership will decline to a point where only the controlling clique (of whatever size) because of seniority and other factors will retain their employment. Meanwhile the industry's capital is depleted by the union's high-wage policy. Clearly, in such an event the union has failed in its stated purpose to bring comfort and security to its members.

Unions will tolerate no competition in the wage market, and as the Government is politically committed to a high-wage policy the employer, caught in the machinery of a competitive price system, is forced to maintain rates totally unreasonable in the light of economic conditions.

Lindblom devotes a great deal of space to a discussion of the effect of wages-as-cost and the rejection of goods by the consumer at the price imposed by the unions' wage scale.

When such consumer refusal to buy becomes widespread a depression results. Depressions force the government to bail out the impaired economy. The long-range result of this will be likely to create a large group of non-industrial workers who have been forced out of private employment by union tactics and have become permanently dependent upon public works for their livelihood.

The question now posed is how much of this sort of thing the economy can endure before it collapses. According to Professor Lindblom, it can take a terrific pounding; but the end product will be that either the monopoly power of unions will be broken or a new economy will be developed which will ignore the consumer and allow the government to control production and prices. If the unions continue to grow in political importance it is logical that in fixing prices the government will do little about wages. At that point profits will disappear and the competitive price system will end. Lindblom states that union monopoly of labor is actually only in proportion to union ability to coerce the employer through strikes, slowdowns, etc. This is in part true, but a more precise statement, I think, would be to the effect that the unions' monopoly is based upon the power of the government to force employers to grant union demands.

This is far from an anti-union book, but it has little in its pages to cause joy among those unionists and intellectuals who contend that the presence of gargantuan labor organizations is an unqualified blessing to the nation or that the new power of labor unions has been, is, or will be used beneficently for society as a whole.

Our Budget Billions

U.S.A.: MEASURE OF A NATION. By Thomas R. Caskadon and Rudolf Modley. New York: The Macmillan Co. 101 pp. $1.

By DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE

TWO years ago the Twentieth Century Fund published a massive volume, "America's Needs and Resources," the main purpose of which was to show in considerable detail the size of the United States. For those who could pay five dollars this was a useful book—especially for those businessmen who had once ridiculed President Roosevelt's demand for 50,000 planes, and who faced the postwar and the national debt with a feeling that it all must be a dream.

"U.S.A.: Measure of a Nation" is a popular summary of the earlier volume, aimed at a wider market, and copiously decorated with Rudolf Modley's little men. This revival is welcome, for there are still plenty of Americans who have trouble adjusting their ideas to the scale of modern times. Some of the figures have been more or less brought up to date, and the 1947 dollar is used instead of the 1944 one; but Mr. Modley's diagrams add a note of confusion by showing everything after 1940 as a prediction, and the text does not make clear to what extent the postwar history has been taken into account. The main argument of the book, however, is all the more impressive because the figures on which it was based have already been proved to be more than conservative.

For example, the total output of the United States for 1960 is forecast as worth 239 billion dollars at the prices of 1947. Actually we have already outrun the 1960 figure, even in 1949, with a total output, or "Gross National Product," running at the rate of 240 billions; and the present forecast by the Council of Economic Advisors is that full employment in 1960 will yield over 330 billion dollars' worth, all measured in 1947 prices. So when Mr. Caskadon tells us that with less than 10-per-cent extra production beyond his forecasts we could easily carry all the "liberal" programs of conservation, slum clearance, and other proposed national improvements, he is not dreaming the impossible.

The reader who has once grasped the idea of the scale of American productive power will be freed from the usual fears that hamper American policy at home and in the cold war. Then he can boldly face the facts of

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life that are set forth in the latter half of the book. The slum problem, for instance, can be entirely wiped out for about eighty billion dollars spread over fifteen years. Resource conservation on a proper scale to maintain our wealth would cost only three billion a year. Five or ten billion a year for building up the free world will be easy, once we adjust our minds to a country whose total income is growing more than ten billion a year.

Finally, one can even face the implications of the fact that America is running out of strategic materials. We are going to have to buy materials from abroad on an increasing scale, and the sooner we absorb that fact the sooner we can solve the well-known dollar shortage that bedevils our relations with the rest of the free world.

The general effect of any set of figures about the United States, however conservative, is like the effect of Niagara and the Grand Canyon: it stretches the mind. Most of our political troubles come from little minds faced by big things and unable to see beyond the one nearest to them—who are frightened by a big budget because they cannot grasp the still bigger income behind it. For the cure of an undue awe of large figures, this book is to be recommended. Its wide distribution will contribute to the free and effective use of American economic power to maintain prosperity at home and underpin freedom abroad.

David Cushman Coyle is consultant to the Subcommittee on Study of Monopoly Power of the House Judiciary Committee, Washington. He is author of the recent book "Day of Judgment."

On Account of Race, Color, or Creed

PUNISHMENT WITHOUT CRIME. By S. Andhil Fineberg. New York: Doubleday & Co. 377 pp. $3.50.

By Milton R. Konvitz

WITHIN the last several years attempts have been made to study different forms of strategy used by organizations and individuals who are engaged in the fight against racial or religious prejudice or discrimination. Agencies that have made notable contributions to the study of strategy in this area of social and individual action are the American Council on Race Relations and the Commission on Community Interrelations of the American Jewish Congress; and excellent monographs have been written by Professors Robin M. Williams, Jr., and Robert M. MacIver. All of the studies indicate that there are urgent needs for systematic research, and that research thus far conducted has not validated many of the assumptions of the action programs.

Dr. Fineberg, community service director of the American Jewish Committee, enjoying intimate knowledge of the different methods employed by organizations and individuals in the fight to reduce or eliminate prejudice on account of race, color, or creed, and fully aware of the results of the research pursued in this field, has attempted to provide interested persons with a practical handbook. In view of the fact, however, that we have little reliable knowledge to go on, it is difficult to see how his book can be a really effective guide. Dr. Fineberg himself says:

> We know far too little about these wholly irrational prejudices. Because of the intricate and variable nature of prejudice, because each of its complex elements is dependent upon many psychological and environmental factors, any reliable, accurate diagnosis is a colossal undertaking. If we are to find effective therapies, we must utilize every source of sound information.

The sad fact is that we do not now have much sound information on which to base "any reliable, accurate diagnosis" or "effective therapies." So little objective, honest research has been done thus far that there is still disagreement over the fundamental question, *e. g.*, whether we should attack discrimination first and take care of the prejudiced attitudes and feelings later (which is the conclusion reached by Professor MacIver), or whether we should attack first prejudice itself and expect elimination of prejudice to be followed by the removal of discrimination (for which position Dr. Fineberg seems generally to have a preference).

Dr. Fineberg does not believe in mass meetings, picketing, counter-demonstrations, group libel laws; he criticizes Norman Cousins for revealing in his article in *SRL* two years ago the story of an attack on a Jewish graduate student at the University of Iowa; he believes that one ought not to mention the infamous "Protocols of the Elders of Zion"—he does not mention the "Protocols" but the identification in the context is easy enough—because, he says, "the only way to terminate the evil effects of scurrilities is to blot them out of the printed pages of today and tomorrow and eventually out of the memory of man"; though the leaders of a religious group take a stand on a certain public issue, arguments against that stand should not, says Dr. Fineberg, mention the name of the group concerned. Dr. Fineberg disapproves of the Hollywood film "Gentlemen's Agreement," because, he says, bringing out into the open a person's anti-Jewish prejudice may "cause worse neuroses than existed previously" if the uncovering is not accompanied "by skilled therapeutic measures"; he believes that the best way to handle a rabble-rouser is to ignore him and his speeches.

These are samples of the judgments found in the book. Obviously, reasonable minds will differ over their validity. The merit of the book is that the author discusses important questions with seriousness and an informed intelligence.

The book, however, underscores the need for painstaking scientific inves-

(Continued on page 31)

"Is Mr. Wodehouse acceptable yet?"

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Fiction. *Publishers have a way of saving up their best books for September and early October in the hope that they will gallop at full speed before the middle of November. So far, the fall season has been disappointing enough. In this week's crop of reviews there are only two or three novels of originality or talent beyond the mediocre. Charles Williams, who has won an increasing audience for his series of brilliant supernatural thrillers, is represented by a book, "War in Heaven," first published in England twenty years ago. It involves a murder in a publisher's office and a desperate pursuit over England for possession of the Holy Grail. Another brilliant novel, "The Man Who Carved Women from Wood," will bring relief to the jaded reader of the problem novel that suddenly becomes conventional. Edward McSorley's "Young McDermott" is an eloquent and racy novel of the turbulent Irish in the city of Providence during the robust days of bootlegging, Irish nationalism, and political scandals.*

Chasing the Grail in England

WAR IN HEAVEN. By Charles Williams. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy. 290 pp. $3.

By Richard McLaughlin

T. S. ELIOT, commenting on Charles Williams, once said: "He could have joked with the devil and turned the joke against him. To him the supernatural was natural, and the natural was also supernatural." All things are possible in the realm of human experience. This we soon learn after dipping into Williams's marvelously imaginative thrillers. His profound insight into Good and Evil is heightened by the ease, perhaps even the glee, with which he conducts us on equally terrifying journeys to the heights of Heaven and the depths of Hell. His stories plainly are not spun from such morbid preoccupation with nightmares as tormented Edgar Allan Poe. True, the reader may sometimes cast an incredulous smile at some of the bogey effects, the black-magic apparatus, that Williams has borrowed from occult literature and, for all we know, from a childhood predilection for popular tales of vampires and werewolves. But Williams's unquestionable ability to tell a fast-paced yarn is further complemented by the compelling intensity of his observations. He hardly, if ever, relaxes his grip on the reader long enough for him to give himself up completely to incredulity. I would wager that even his most unsympathetic readers would much prefer reading Charles Williams in a room with all the lights blazing.

The plots of all Williams's novels if summarized hastily might read almost like "penny dreadfuls." "War in Heaven," incidentally, is the fourth novel to appear in a uniform series here since October 1948, but it is the first novel Williams wrote. When it appeared in England back in the Twenties it created some attention among London literary circles and caused a few enthusiastic critics to compare this brilliantly original first novel to the fine craftsmanship of Le Fanu, Arthur Machen, and Robert Louis Stevenson. Of course, the novels that followed, "The Place of the Lion," "Many Dimensions," etc., soon indicated that Charles Williams, while he shared these writers' interest in the macabre and the fantastic, was on a plane all his own. And so, today, reading this first novel we find that Williams was way out in front from the start. "War in Heaven" is a strange but intellectually stimulating tale. Published earlier over here it might have turned the tide much sooner for Williams's popularity. For it is as close to an urbane whodunit as Williams has ever done.

Charles Williams—"good through Christian love triumphs in the end."

Imagine, gentle reader, if you can, a telephone ringing wildly and no one in the room to answer it but a corpse under the table. That is the note with which we start this hair-raising theological thriller. It seems a murder has been committed in the office of a London publisher. Neither the timid publisher nor his clerks know anything about it. Before we have covered the first quarter of the book, however, all of them are involved, each in his own way, in a desperate chase through England for possession of the Holy Grail. The Grail has turned up unexpectedly on the altar of the Archdeacon of Fardles's parish church. This gently amused soul has perhaps through his religious experience more reason to believe in the existence of the Grail than the others. And being a wiser, kinder, humbler Christian than those who would seek the Grail to wield its superhuman powers, the Archdeacon can only smile on its discovery. Even though he places himself in danger of the Grail's enemies, a half-mad, power-crazed publisher, and a vicious, misanthropic scientist, the Archdeacon apparently knows what all who read Charles Williams must eventually learn—that good through Christian love triumphs in the end. Naturally, before that comes about there is much call for derring-do on the part of the staunch defenders of the Grail, particularly a perfectly fabulous young Peer who writes poetry and quotes George Chapman. Nor can we overlook that terrible smelling ointment procured from a sinister Greek apothecary in one of London's dingy, squalid back streets that transports the bearer to the center of Hell and back, and which is at the bottom of most of the dark mischief in the novel.

Furthermore, because it is a much younger Williams writing in the Twenties, we find many more sardonic and outrageously funny lines here than in the later books. Those readers who are afraid Williams may be trying to deliver dogmatic sermons have only to glance at the following random passages from the book: "Are you a religious man, Mr. Persimmons?" "Well, not—not exactly religious. . . . Not what you would call religious unpleasantly, I mean." This is the writing of a healthy and inquisitive mind. We could attend a Black Mass with Charles Williams and come away with him laughing through our bewitchment.

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Bitterness in a Zoot Suit

TEACH THE ANGRY SPIRIT. By Cornelia Jessey. New York: Crown Publishers. 249 pp. $3.

By Robert Pick

ONE day in the last year of the late war a group of Navy men, outraged by the hoodlumism of teen-age Mexicans in Los Angeles, took it upon themselves to clean up the zoot-suit gangs. As happens with all such vigilante expeditions, the sortie hurt the innocent together with the guilty, and could only result in an aggravation of bitterness in the American-born population of "Mexicantown."

This sorry episode provides the author of "Teach the Angry Spirit" with a fitting dramatic climax for her lively story about second-generation Americans of Mexican ancestry. Their problems have much in common with those besetting other minority groups and work as barriers to the promised pursuit of happiness. But their situation seems to be made worse by the Latin clarity with which they view their plight and the decisions with which they are confronted. If one is to believe Miss Jessey—and her novel bears the mark of authenticity throughout—these young people cannot rid themselves for a single moment of the consciousness of their otherness, and the conflict of their loyalties tinges all their daily life.

In some it rises to the pitch of self-hatred. Such is the case with Mercy Garcia, the heroine of this story. She loathes everything Mexican. She turns down the boy who loves her and, with the faint hope of climbing to the heights of "white" people, gives herself to a despicable, narrow-minded, lecherous clerk—who, his goal having been attained, betrays Mercy in the first hour of danger.

Angel, Mercy's talented brother, suffers what appears to him the brunt of racial bias: he is denied the leading part in the high-school production of "Our Town." He runs away from school and is exposed to both the temptations and the perils of the juvenile underworld which his precocious cousin has joined. How he comes to terms with the powers-that-be without being engulfed by nihilism, how he even salvages his self-esteem from his trials—that is the best part of this novel.

"Teach the Angry Spirit" is a rather repetitive piece of fiction, not very well organized by any means. To this reader's mind it suffers from the continuous use of Spanish phrases which, meant to give great realism to the dialogue, only mar it.

In short, the reader of this first novel will be interested in what its author has to tell but scarcely fascinated by the means she employs to tell it.

Motley Household

THE MAN WHO CARVED WOMEN FROM WOOD. By Max White. New York: Harper & Bros. 304 pp. $3.

By Harrison Smith

MAX WHITE'S novel is so thoroughly entertaining that it should be unnecessary to inquire into whatever hidden meaning or allegory lies behind the shutters of the house in the French Quarter of New Orleans which he has peopled with so strange a collection of human beings. Is it haunted by evil or is it simply a tranquil and exotic space where the flow of time is meaningless, and pain, suffering, and pleasure are muted? Or is it a clever device of an author to put together an ingenious and sometimes eerie story?

The tale begins when Geneva Howard, a mildly alcoholic, retired opera singer buys a tall old house on Chartres Street with its attendant slave quarters and the patio that unites them. In a single day it is filled with tenants of such diversity that they seem to have been sent to conduct an experiment in human relations. With its green shadows and the exquisite furniture which Geneva had gathered from her wanderings it seems a fitting place for reflection and solitude, for simple life or easy death.

The first to arrive are the two Malin brothers, sons of a wealthy Rumanian countess and a Dane. Oleg is an artist, a sailor, and a world traveler whose brother has left his wife to stay with him and take care of him while he devotes himself patiently to his own art, mending and musing over the threads of antique rugs. Then there is Ulysses Morel, a simple-minded Cajun, and his bride. Ulysses reads meters for the electric-light company. Upstairs lives Dr. Sturdevant, who has abandoned his practice to write a book. He employs a competent little secretary who is unfortunately so magnificently endowed with a protruding bosom that the good doctor is driven almost out of his wits. Overlooking the patio is the room of a gaunt woman who only recently emerged from an insane asylum. Maria Weber arrives with an enormous chest, inside of which she says is her mother who lost her looks thirty years before and who only emerges at night. The invisible old lady is supposed to scream when anyone tells a lie and is presumably the kleptomaniac who steals whatever she can find and then leaves her loot on Geneva's desk.

There is no plot to speak of; the story rolls smoothly, voluptuously

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over its undercurrent of mystery. Nature plays its ordained part; the suffocating heat of the summer, the damp air from the river, the thunder storms and sudden torrential rains and hurricanes lend an air of doom to the shadowed old house. The only tragic figure is the young artist who is absorbed in carving a statue of a woman from a great block of hard wood he has brought from South America. Oleg believes that love is the sin of pleasure, so that he sends away the girl who comes to him from the North to marry him. But he finds himself enamored with the doctor's secretary. When he gives himself to her and realizes that he is experiencing love, he knows that he is fated, that he cannot surrender his identity to the world of women, "to the quicksand of their larger purpose, which lies beyond conscious will." He can live only as a man.

The denouement is weird enough to bring any novel to a close, though it does not solve any problems that the author has brought to the reader's mind. It is perhaps just as well not to try to find anything deeper in the book than the exercise of the author's wits, charm, and ability to create situations and characters out of the shadows, and to surround them with mysticism. The novel remains unfailingly absorbing in its own strange way.

Americanizing Marine Minkiewicz

MASK OF GLORY. By Dan Levin. New York: Whittlesey House. 278 pp. $3.

By Milton Crane

THIS is almost a perfect illustration of the dilemma in which every writer of fiction about the war inevitably finds himself. Here is a tremendous experience, the like of which —fortunately—comes to few men. The mere recounting of this experience in the simplest possible terms, without explanation or moralizing, will obviously have many and profound suggestions about many aspects of human life. But the urge to impose form and meaning on this experience, the urge of the artist deliberately to shape his material, perhaps out of fear that the material will not shape itself, takes the story of men in war and makes it a chapter in the history of democracy, of the development of a philosophy or religion. One hesitates to give it as a law, but one is tempted to think that the farther such a book departs from the simple factual narrative which is the novelist's heritage from his war, the more the simple and believable account of human responses in an extraordinary situation becomes compromised by essentially irrelevant matter.

"Mask of Glory" is a book that has been thus compromised. In one of its aspects it is nothing but the story of a typical Marine Corps recruit who lost his life in the bloody progress from island to island in the Pacific. The hero, Glenn Manson, was born Kasimir Minkiewicz in Cleveland, but his life and death are, for the most part, presented as the history of Everyman. He joins up and is sent to boot camp at Parris Island; he comes to know a typical cross-section of the Corps, complete with profanity, blind sexual appetites, and emergent camaraderie. He has his dreams about Wanda, the girl in Cleveland, and about the Island Girl, the soldier's fantasy of sex in the Pacific. On the island of Akalana, the jumping-off place for the Marine attack on Dai Shima, which is the climax of the novel, Glenn actually finds his Island Girl, the Japanese-Portuguese Isabella, with whom he has a brief idyll. Then the Marines hit the beach at Dai Shima; we see the deaths of most of the characters we have come to know with Glenn. Glenn himself, suffering from shock, is taken back to the ship, where he collects himself and returns to his death on the island.

Here the book might end. But it does not. Mr. Levin has tried, sketchily enough, to fill in the picture of Glenn's boyhood in Cleveland, with the object, one might have supposed, of suggesting that Glenn, as a representative Marine, had a fairly typical American upbringing. It now becomes clear that the suppression of Kasimir Minkiewicz in Glenn Manson is, in a fundamental sense, the true meaning of the book. "Mask of Glory" is actually the story of how a man becomes an American. The death of Glenn on Dai Shima incorporates the Manson family into American life, as Glenn's brother George and the sympathetic Sergeant Lewicki explain at some length in the final chapter.

Thus "Mask of Glory" becomes another war novel in which the author's observations of war, vividly and terrifyingly communicated, are placed at the service of a theme which does not grow organically out of the book. Glenn Manson, American Marine, does not succeed in being both man and symbol, because, as a man, he is insufficiently characterized, and, as a symbol, he is made to mean too many things. But his creator's account of the war in which he took part is memorable enough almost to redeem the novel.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SHAKESPEARE'S CATS

Russell McLauchlin, music and drama critic of the *Detroit News*, presents fifteen Elizabethan cats mentioned in plays commonly attributed to a man named William Shakespeare. He asks you to locate each cat, indicating the play and the character making the reference. Scoring three points for each play and two for each character, a perfect score is seventy-five, par is sixty, fifty is passable, and anything less is un-feline. Answers on page 30.

1. "Some, that are mad if they behold a cat."
2. "She shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat."
3. "Let Hercules himself do what he may,
   The cat will mew and dog will have his day."
4. "They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk."
5. "Good king of cats, nothing but one of your own lives."
6. "Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd."
7. "Come, be a man. Drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies."
8. "If the cat will after kind,
   So be sure will Rosalind."
9. "I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream."
10. "What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care."
11. "Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
    Pard, or boar with bristled hair."
12. "Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' like the poor cat i' the adage."
13. "Pur! the cat is gray."
14. "I could endure anything before but a cat, and noe he's a cat to me."
15. "The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
    Now couches fore the mouse's hole."

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Occupational Deserts

THE IRON HOOP. By Constantine FitzGibbon. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 269 pp. $3.

By Victor P. Hass

IF THE imaginary revolt chronicled in these pages had happened in the American Occupation Zone of present-day Germany the report of it might have won a third of a column on the first page of any good newspaper. If it had occurred in one of the banana republics it might have won a few paragraphs on a back page. Dull revolts make dull reading. One had expected infinitely more from the author of the richly-tapestried "Arabian Bird" than one gets in "The Iron Hoop."

For here is a novel with all the punch and originality of a B-movie. Mr. FitzGibbon's theme, it says in the jacket blurb, "is that the occupation of a conquered nation, which is an act of violence even when it is benevolent, must corrupt the vanquished and degrade the victors." Personally I am unwilling to concede that this is invariably true, but that is neither here nor there. My quarrel is with the way Mr. FitzGibbon has stacked the cards in an effort to prove the point. For his chief victor he has chosen a cynical jerk who would have been a jerk whether he was occupying a conquered nation or not. For his chief vanquished he has chosen a louse who wouldn't have risen above that station even as a victor. It didn't take an occupation to corrupt and degrade either of them.

The iron hoop of the title is a ring of ruins left undisturbed by the conquerors when they built a shining New City in the center of the enemy city their bombs had flattened. The conquerors live in the New City along with thousands of the vanquished. In the iron hoop live the dregs of the vanquished along with a few decent citizens who are unwilling to accept the largesse of the conquerors.

Stirring unrest among the dregs element is The Hero, a sort of comic-opera Hitler. Around him rally less than a hundred thugs, pimps, bootleggers, murderers, and the like. The Hero works out an elaborate plan for ousting the Occupation Army by killing their general and seizing key spots in the government. One of the petty gangsters spills the beans to the occupiers when they nab him after a dirty little killing and the general's soldiers clout The Hero's "army" around for a few hours or so and the "revolution" is over.

—d'Ella.

Constantine FitzGibbon—"ring of ruins."

Isabella Holt—"ramrod of righteousness."

Out of this dreary little incident Mr. FitzGibbon has sought, I assume, to fashion a significant novel. He has created only one character worth a second thought, a girl named Anna, who sleeps with the chief victor and lives in the iron hoop. She has substance and a sort of dignity. In her the impact of an occupation is clearly and subtly felt, and, ironically enough, she is not degraded but, rather, ennobled by defeat. The rest are nothing; their smallness of both mind and spirit are unworthy of so fine a talent as Mr. FitzGibbon possesses. The picayune and the shallow remain picayune and shallow.

There is material here, I suppose, for a novel of breadth and vision but Constantine FitzGibbon's "The Iron Hoop" is not that novel.

Gadfly of the Lord

MY SON AND HEIR. By Isabella Holt. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 346 pp. $3.

By Ann F. Wolfe

JOANNA McINTYRE was a Presbyterian of Highland Scottish lineage. She "had lived from infancy under the gaze of the All-Seeing Eye, which penetrated her skull and searched out her secret thoughts. It was not a mild or sentimental Eye; it was seldom completely approving. It knew when she wasted precious time, it knew when she wore a stocking with a hole in it. Twenty-four hours a day, without blinking, it made its demands; so she had her hands full." They were full in 1893, when she was teaching seventh grade in Rupertsburg, O., a red-headed, green-eyed little gadfly of the Lord and twenty years old. They were full, those small gnarled hands, when she died in 1941, chatelaine of a crenelated Hudson River mansion, a rich and powerful matriarch outraged that her son and heir had failed her in not turning out to be one of the Lord's anointed.

Joanna's family was at the mercy —a sardonic word for it—of a tyranny compounded of concentrated religious rigorism and a hyperthyroid personality. But if they chafed under the tyrant's blue laws, they prospered under her commercial and social dynamism. The Deity who was Joanna's *alter ego* was no remote, mystical abstraction, but a smart business partner. He was definitely on the side of the strongest battalions; under Joanna's pert generalship, Wicklund-Comet executed marching orders—to say nothing of the kind you sign on the dotted line —that kept the firm's electrical appliances plugged into most of America's outlets and the more modern of Europe's.

Just about the only member of the family who got much fun out of belonging to it was Joanna's good-natured Swedish husband, Gunnar Wicklund. A widower twice her age when he married her, he looked with fatherly amusement on her far-flung committee meetings and her daily tussles with the Will of God. True, she gave him an uncomfortable time before she learned that, in Gunnar's case, the All-Seeing Eye had sometimes to be veiled. Once that item was checked off Joanna's neat agenda, the marriage proved reasonably happy, their social position soared, the directorates of their in-

(*Continued on page* 25)

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Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

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On Being a "Softie"

"SO YOU'VE turned softie towards the Japanese," one of my friends remarked soon after I returned. "You've sure come a long way in a short time. For a fellow who felt as strongly as you did about Bataan and Corregidor and all the other cute little Japanese stunts during the war, you've sure doubled back in your tracks."

When I asked for a bill of particulars, my friend began to rattle off the evidence with the air of a prosecuting attorney who had been saving it all up for just such a moment.

"First of all, there's this business of what you call 'moral adoptions'—that idea you're trying to sell for having Americans adopt Japanese kids at a distance by supporting them in orphanages over in Japan. Sure, there are plenty of orphans in Japan but the Japanese should have thought of that when they cut loose over Pearl Harbor. But there are also plenty of orphans in other countries whose people did plenty of dying on our side. We can't take care of everybody but at least we ought to start with our friends. After we do something for the orphans in England and France and the Philippines and all the other countries that were our allies, we can consider the question of doing something for the people who were out to smash America. Second of all—"

I interrupted. "Perhaps we had better take up your first-of-all before we go on to the seconds," I suggested. "I agree with you completely that we ought to set up some priorities and that any program to take care of the world's orphans ought to begin with our friends. But the suggestion for 'moral adoptions' didn't apply to Japanese orphans in general. I was referring specifically to a group for which I believe Americans may recognize a special responsibility. I have in mind those children who were orphaned by the atomic explosion. There's no point here in getting into a prolonged discussion about the moral or military issues involved in establishing the precedent for use of the atomic bomb. Some may deplore the fact that we had to be the ones who raised the curtain on atomic warfare, just as others may be thankful for the fact. But the curtain did go up and what we saw wasn't too easy to look at or think about. And it's no answer to say that war's war and it makes no difference how people are killed. Well, apparently it makes some difference; otherwise we wouldn't have been working so hard, though futilely, to try to get the world to outlaw the thing."

"I'll go along halfway with you on that—and maybe the whole way," my friend said, "so long as that moral adoptions scheme is intended for kids orphaned by the atomic bomb. But your whole attitude seemed to reflect an overdose of sentiment and forgetfulness. I don't like suffering any more than you do, but you really pulled out all the stops in getting streptomycin for that little girl who had T.B. As I remember the story, she was no orphan; her mother came to you and you went completely overboard with telegrams and what-not in getting the required medicine. After World War I Americans like you went drooling all over Germany, and where did it get us?"

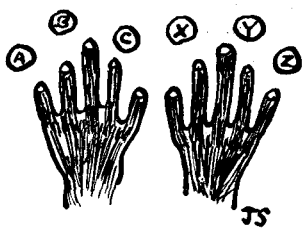
My friend was bearing down hard. I could see that he had been thoroughly nettled by some of the things I had said and written about Japan. I could understand his reaction, for it must seem strange indeed that Americans today should be going out of their way to help those who only four years ago were a monstrous threat to our freedom and our physical safety. In fact, for the first few days after I arrived in Tokyo, I found it difficult to get used to the idea of seeing Americans walking and talking and laughing with Japanese. You would talk to hardened American newsmen whose main complaint against the occupation was that it prohibited Americans from giving things to Japanese—a prohibition, incidentally, which is fast going by the board.

But after a while you stopped thinking of the Japanese as a nation, and you began to think of them as Mr. Tanimoto or Mrs. Nakamura or Mrs. Kato or Dr. Fuji or Mayor Hamai or a little girl with T.B. by the name of Nobuko Taguchi or a nine-year-old boy pressing his nose against a window showcase displaying baseball equipment. You got to know them as individuals, as people with a vast though equal potential for evil or goodness, which qualifies them as authentic members of the human race. And the more you found out about their individual problems, the less conscious you were of the national entity into which they had been fused.

WHEN you returned to your hotel room after breakfast each morning the hallway resembled a dentist's crowded outer office. There would be a university student who was anxious to attend a worldwide meeting in Amsterdam of students interested in world federation. Young Japanese federalists had pooled their own money and had collected funds all over Japan in order to finance the trip. But it was necessary for the young man to find an American who might vouch for him before he could obtain permission to leave the country. Then there would be a women's suffrage leader seeking help in establishing contact with interested organizations and individuals in America. Or there would be a student anxious to study democratic philosophy in America who wanted to talk to you about it.

How they ever tracked you down was a major mystery, but somehow they knew, and the lines grew longer each morning. At first, you wondered why you were being singled out as the object of these quests, but then learned that you weren't being sin-

Atomic Age Fables



XX: "A Herd of Monkeys . . ."

THE visitors soon bored them and the two monkeys moved from the iron bars to another part of the cage. Then they began an intelligent conversation.

"I wonder whether a herd of us sitting at typewriters for a century actually could produce 'The Origin of Species,'" the first monkey asked.

"Probably not," answered the second monkey, "but we might hit upon an anthology." —J. S.

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gled out, that just being a visiting American civilian made you both eligible and vulnerable.

And when you talked to many of them you realized that if our democratization program in Japan was to succeed it would have to be built largely around people such as these—people who were trying hard to create the internal conditions which would give democratic government a real chance. Obviously, we weren't going to occupy Japan indefinitely. Nor were we going to solve the Japanese problem by extermination. All we could do was to develop a climate in which free government was possible, knowing that success depended upon finding enough Japanese to whom democracy was more than chewing gum or swing music, and with whom the actual operation of democracy seemed to be a fairly good bet. Was it "soft" to work with people such as these, to encourage them, to get them to deepen their commitments to free institutions? Or should you have brushed them aside? And if you ignored them, would they thereby cease to exist?

As for being "sentimental" about the seven-year-old girl dying of tuberculosis for want of streptomycin, I plead guilty to the charge. I did not see then, nor do I see now, that getting medicine for the sick, whoever and wherever they might be, is dangerous or reprehensible or unwise. Nor did I believe that the question of priorities was pertinent in this case; in giving streptomycin to a Japanese child it was not true that I thereby deprived an English child or a French child of needed medicine. I was in Japan at the time and the child happened to be Japanese. If I happened to be in England or France or wherever and the same problem came up, I would respond in the same way. If this is drooling "softness," then we had better abolish the International Red Cross. —N. C.

Bookmarks

A RECENT number of the *Indiana Magazine of History* contains a page-and-a-half contribution which is packed, if not with dynamite, at least with some good loud firecrackers. It is called "Historical Fiction *vs* Fictitious History," and is by Augustus R. Markle, who is billed simply as "a resident of Terre Haute, Indiana." He is also, it appears, a compendium of the minutiae of Terre Haute history. His target is Irving Stone's "Adversary in the House," a novel in which the leading character is Eugene V. Debs, with much of the action taking place in Terre Haute. Mr. Markle's strictures are presented in categoric detail. To summarize a few of them:

> There was no morning train on October 17, 1875, because that was a Sunday.
>
> The Vandalia Railroad did not extend to Terre Haute in 1869.
>
> The railroad station was not mustard-colored frame, but red brick.
>
> O. J. Smith did not own the *Gazette* in 1875—he had sold it in 1874.
>
> The description of the courthouse clock is inaccurate to the extent that the court house had not been built.
>
> Gene and Kate were married on a Tuesday, not a Sunday.
>
> The principal of Rose Polytechnic Institute could not figure in incidents occurring in 1875 for the reason that the Institute did not open until 1882.

These are only some of the specifications in Mr. Markle's indictment. He writes as if he knew what he was talking about. It looks as if any novelist planning to set his story in a real town ought first to do one of two things: either study the local situation intensively, or find out if there are any Markles there.

* * *

"Glaum on to some guy who'll marry you and support you," says a girl in Betty Smith's "Tomorrow Will Be Better." We have no quarrel with the advice, but plenty with the spelling. What's the matter with *glom*?

* * *

A few weeks ago we noted Shakespeare's single mention of America, and that has now led us to investigate similar allusions by other playwrights of his time. We found a manual ready made for the purpose in Edward H. Sugden's "Topographical Dictionary to the Works of Shakespeare and His Fellow Dramatists," published in Manchester, England, in 1925. In George Peele's "Locrine" (1586), the action of which takes place soon after the fall of Troy, a character refers to his daughter as "a gift more rich than are the wealthy mines found in the bowels of America." Mr. Sugden calls this "a more than usually daring anachronism," and well he may. Christopher Marlowe, who very likely knew all about "Locrine," also refers in "The Massacre at Paris" (1593) to "the golden bowels of America." In "Tamburlaine the Great" (Part II, 1587) Marlowe had mentioned "armadoes . . . fraughted with gold of rich America," and in "Dr. Faustus" (1588) the spirits promised they would get "from America the golden fleece that yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury." After all this preoccupation with the New World as an open bank vault, it is pleasant to find a gentler reference in William Rowley's "Knack to Know a Knave" (1594): "Like the violets in America, that in summer yield an odoriferous smell, and in winter a most infectious savour." Ben Jonson's "A Staple of News" (1625) mentions "a colony of cooks to be set ashore on the coast of America for the conversion of the cannibals." And Thomas Randolph's "Muses' Looking Glass" has an allusion that merits the attention of Mr. Mencken: "In America and the new-found world I very much fear there be some languages that would go near to puzzle me."

* * *

Audio is giving way to video, and there may yet be hope for sentio.

* * *

Is Henry James in some part responsible for the British conviction that "guess" is the most universal and infallible of Americanisms? In "The Portrait of a Lady" "guess" occurs ten times. Daniel Tracy Touchett, "a native of Rutland, in the State of Vermont," uses it five times; Henrietta Stackpole, an American journalist, twice; Casper Goodwood, an American industrialist, once; Mr. Bantling, an Englishman (but in love with Henrietta), once, and Henry James, once.

* * *

The best way to get us to avoid a book is to call it clever.

* * *

Macabre, *n.* The maiden name of Lady Macbeth.

* * *

Books, actually, are probably the least burnable of all ostensibly combustible things. Few manufactured products are so easy to maim and so hard to kill. —J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Pound's Psychiatrist

SIR: As a psychiatrist in charge of the West Side Service at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, I am directly in charge of Ezra Pound's case and have had the opportunity to have numerous conversations with him. I have followed the commentaries with much interest, including the editorial published at the time Mr. Pound was brought back for trial. I think it will be very interesting some day when the psychiatric aspect of Mr. Pound's case can be told.

BERNARD A. CRUVANT.

Washington, D. C.

William Carlos Williams

SIR: Harrison Smith in his editorial of Sept. 3 made some "concluding" remarks about the Pound controversy that make me think all is not over yet.

I for one was amazed at the fallacious "arguments" which Mr. Hillyer published in the pages of your reputable weekly a few months ago. And I am still puzzled to know just what Mr. Hillyer was against, he was against so many things.

But one of the unforgivable tricks which Mr. Hillyer used against Pound has now been turned against William Carlos Williams in the same issue of *SRL* mentioned above. The trick I refer to is that of quoting a man's work out of context. And the quotation now in question comes from Dr. Williams's review of "The Pisan Cantos" in the spring issue of *Imagi*.

Mr. Smith reprinted only the concluding two paragraphs from Dr. Williams's review. The points which Dr. Williams made in the beginning of that review are not taken into account by Mr. Smith. Nearly all those points are in Pound's favor, and the last two paragraphs, read in context, ring perfectly true. Dr. Williams did not become irrational in his piece but presented obvious truths about Pound and his poetry (not avoiding to note that there are failures in Pound), and thus arrived at logical conclusions.

Such a mind as Dr. Williams's will not harm the Fellows of the Library of Congress as Mr. Smith insinuates but will add much strength of character and genius to their already distinguished company.

THOMAS COLE,
Editor, *Imagi*.

Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If publishing two final paragraphs from a critical review is quoting out of context, then all brief quotations from any writer's work should be barred. The sentences quoted in our editorial are clearly expressed and can be understood perfectly without any reference to the beginning of Dr. Williams's review of Ezra Pound's "The Pisan Cantos." Dr. Williams is worth quoting again: "So we proceed to legally slaughter him (in the face of the lice and swine that we let live) that we may escape the implications of his genius. We might better acquire stronger stomachs against his peccadillos." We have objected to other statements of this nature, none of which have been expressed more violently, or clearly. Is treason against the United States in time of war merely a peccadillo? Was Pound "slaughtered" when he was officially declared insane, and thus escaped the conclusion of a trial that might actually have brought his life to an end? Mr. Cole should have meditated these questions before he wrote that Dr. Williams's concluding sentences ring perfectly true, with or without quoting from the rest of his essay. And just who are the "lice and swine" referred to by Dr. Williams? Could they, perhaps, be those who oppose Ezra Pound?*

"Mind if I borrow a quarter cup of 235?"

Goethe's Answer to T. S. Eliot

SIR: People who still think T. S. Eliot deserves to be enshrined among the great might make a comparison suggested by the Goethe anniversary. Eliot came to be known by playing up the disillusion of his time and the flight to other-worldliness. But Goethe likewise lived through days when the world was badly upset, the age of the Enlightenment, of the American and the French Revolutions, the Industrial Revolution, and the Reaction. His Faust was as little satisfied with the outcome of the quest for knowledge as any person today can be with the fruition of science in the atom bomb and other evil mechanizations. Faust too had seen the futility of the escape to sensuality. Yet where did he turn?

The significant thing is that Goethe made him give up the quest for satisfaction through flight to the supernatural and instead devote himself to redeeming a single waste-land here on earth. Small as this spot was, the grandeur of the effort lay in the fact that Faust found his supreme joy in the vision of a free people striving endlessly there to make themselves more worthy of their freedom. The very striving, he said, greatened. One wonders why admirers of Eliot do not see that at the least his problem is by no means so utterly modern and that his is not at all the only answer to the challenge of disillusion.

HENRY NEUMANN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ideas and Novelists

SIR: I don't recall when I've read an article that enraged me quite as much as Elmer Davis's "The Power of Ideas in Our Time" [*SRL* Aug. 6]. In the most common modern newspaper tradition it is superficial, pompous, self-righteous, and shows the beginnings of an almost Hearstian anti-intellectualism. It purports to discuss the "power of ideas in our time"; it immediately jumps to a denunciation of the American novelists of our time. Perhaps somebody should tell Mr. Davis that novelists do not primarily traffic in ideas—and even when they do they are not primarily read by an information-hungry public for that purpose.

He is much concerned with the false picture these dastard novelists gave of his beloved America. I am glad to hear that Mr. Davis is in favor of America. Does he mean to imply that such writers as did not see it through his own OWI- and AP-colored glasses were not? But this is not the end of the iniquities of the novelists. They were, it seems, responsible for the last

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war—and also, probably, will be for the next—because Hitler, *et al.*, got their false ideas about our country from them. Perhaps Hitler was a more assiduous reader than I, but I have trouble believing it. Perhaps I spent too much time reading the larger newspapers, and best sellers such as "Anthony Adverse," but I saw no such impact on the general public. I knew such books as he describes existed, and read quite a few myself, but not too many sold very much, and in the mass media—magazines, newspapers, movies, etc.—their views found little support.

Perhaps what gets me most angry are his remarks about the current novels written by—he admits—men who were in the war. Mr. Davis could not finish most of them; he gets "the impression of an army that could not possibly have won a war; and something seems to be wrong with that picture." Is he accusing these authors of subtle misrepresentation? If he had spent more time in the barracks and in the field, and less in the offices of the OWI, he might, perhaps, have a different impression. There is hardly a sensitive person who put in years in service who did not come out depressed by the brutality, cynicism, and lack of standards he found there, even among the ordinary soldiers—in spite of a lifetime of reading Mr. Davis's newspapers—and also by the deep hunger for something better and the unconscious idealism which they demonstrated in danger by their self-sacrifice, comradeship, etc.

What, actually, does Mr. Davis want to give a "true" picture of America? An all-persuasive peacetime OWI staffed exclusively with newspaper columnists and publicity men? I suggest Mr. Westbrook Pegler as one of its heads. He has stated repeatedly that no fiction writer of the past twenty-five years—except Margaret Mitchell—has shown talent for anything except filth. There seems a great area of agreement between the two.

WILLIAM KRASNER.

New York, N. Y.

A Businessman Replies to Fadiman

SIR: I found Clifton Fadiman's well-contrived "Decline of Attention" [*SRL* Aug. 6] in part provocative but for the most part provoking. I am, you see, a businessman: I manage, of all mundane things, a garment factory. Mr. Fadiman has deftly blindstitched to the seat of my pants the label of superficiality . . . of inattentive, unretentive mediocrity. Is it conceivable to Mr. Fadiman that thousands of us, products of a society pronounced anathema to the arts, the humanities, the ageless ethical and religious truths, are becoming, through the productive blessings of that same culture, able for the first time seriously to examine those concepts? A full stomach and a short work-week are wonderfully conducive to continuing concentration!

Mr. Fadiman asserts and reasserts that the faculty of attention has declined almost to the point of disappearance from the American scene. This is a statement at least worthy of much more extensive exploration, since proof is obviously impossible. He quotes Henry James's blast of fifty years ago: "The faculty of attention has utterly vanished from the general Anglo-Saxon mind. . . ." In what age and in what era has the faculty of attention ever been a facet of the general population? Artists since the origin of creative art have blamed their commercial and other failures, justifiably, on mass inattention.

Mr. Fadiman concedes, in a painful burst of generosity, that "there remain perhaps a million persons [in this country] whose faculty of attention has been neither paralyzed nor displaced." Can we positively state there has ever been a period in history when more than one out of 140 persons could marshal sufficient attention to have fully absorbed, appreciated, and understood Freud, Einstein, Voltaire, Moses, Socrates, Thomas Acquinas, Clifton Fadiman, or Jesus?

HAROLD M. SCHERR.

San Antonio, Tex.

The Church and Individual Rights

SIR: Although David J. Lamb [LETTERS, *SRL* Sept. 3] leans heavily upon history in his criticism of Paul Blanshard's "American Freedom and Catholic Power," his selectivity and distortion are remarkable. Perhaps Mr. Lamb will give us the source of his astonishing remark that "the Church has always preserved the rights of the individual over any earthly power." As I read history, actual bodily slavery was not condemned by the Church, or by any of its great spiritual leaders —St. Paul included—or its Councils, until modern times, when the lead was taken by Church enemies. Slavery was not only tolerated by that "Treasury of Divine Wisdom," it was actually encouraged by Church rulers. That Pope Gregory I made the Church Europe's greatest slave owner is a fact cited even in the Church-expurgated Fourteenth Edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica." I know Mr. Lamb will dismiss this, too, as a mere temporal abuse. But if, in almost 1,900 years, not one Church leader fought for the abolition of slavery, how can that Church assume credit for preserving individual rights?

In Hungary the long established Church-State government remained operative during the Nazi occupation, and Cardinal Mindszenty got along fine with the Nazi chiefs. In this position he might have done much to stay the deportation of 400,000 Jews to Germany and death. If either Mindszenty or the Vatican fought to preserve the rights of these individuals, it is not a matter of public record. What *is* on such record, instead, is Mindszenty's rabidly anti-Semitic feeling, reported by both the *New York Herald Tribune* (Feb. 13, 1946) and CBS (Feb. 13, 1946).

Last year, Monsignor Svetozar Ritig, Papal Chamberlain, representative of Yugoslavia at the Paris Peace Conference and Minister Without Portfolio in the Croatian Government, told an American newspaperman, "Since the eighteenth century, and espe-

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—Edward H. Dodd, Jr., DODD, MEAD & CO.

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clally since the time of the American and French revolutions, the conservatism of the Church has been a hindrance to the new human spirit which has arisen."

The editors of *SRL* hold that the work of Ezra Pound cannot be separated from his actions as a human being. He must be judged—as an artist—according to the harm his art-life does to mankind. Will Mr. Lamb put his Church to the same test as a preserver of individual rights?

JOSEPH A. MURPHY.
Venice, Calif.

Rebuttal from Earl P. Hanson

SIR: Howard A. Meyerhoff's torpedo-review of my "New Worlds Emerging" [*SRL* Aug. 27] shows that provocative book has achieved at least one of its aims—that of provoking somebody. But the quality of his attack focusses back on the author of the review the statement that "it is not unreasonable to demand fair play from an author."

A key to his many distortions is found in the prize one that "capitalism and imperialism are special targets of uncritical and venomous attacks throughout the volume," a statement that approaches the libelous in these days of fearful tensions. I do discuss various well-known weaknesses and faults of modern capitalism, but that can only be construed as an attack on capitalism as such through the application of Meyerhoff's method of discussing critical comments out of context and distorting their meanings. Indeed, one of the book's main themes (made explicit in the epilogue) is that capitalism happily has within itself the power to correct its weaknesses through change, that such change has taken place constantly since capitalism's very inception, that it goes on today at an accelerated pace, and that it therefore gives rise to the optimism which Meyerhoff claims he shares while viciously attacking the reasoning that leads up to it.

When Meyerhoff thinks I contradict myself by claiming that Firestone has done all right in Liberia with a wage of some twenty cents per day, while Puerto Rico's sugar interests, "paying native labor several times as much are villainous [adjective Meyerhoff's, not mine] absentee landlords," he indulges in the kind of rigid dogmatism which ignores the fact that such things must be regarded in their individual settings of time and place. The question at issue is not the size of the wage in dollars, but the manner in which the recipients can live on that wage in their place, time, and economy.

Puerto Rico seems to be on Meyerhoff's mind, and I am baffled by his statement that dividends of $100,000,000, on an investment of $40,000,000, taken out of the island in fifteen years' time (though not "the past fifteen years" as he inaccurately cites me) represents a 6.1 per cent return. He knows as well as I do that dividend checks and statements are not made out on a basis of compound interest. No matter how you juggle your mathematical semantics, $100,000,000 is 250 per cent of $40,000,000. A profit return of two and a half times the

(Continued on page 30)

The Film Forum

CANADA FOR THE TOURIST

***The Saturday Review*'s Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Vacation-time is the shortest time of the year for people who like to travel far from home. For the sightseer, the nature-lover, and the sportsman, 16mm. films present new at-home enjoyment, a temporary transition into the tourist world in which everything is remarkable and attractive.*

Travelogues, once among the most popular theatrical short-subjects, have gone to a comparatively early grave. And not a bit too soon. Although the double-feature was largely responsible for their timely death, other factors involved the stereotyped pattern of the travelogue itself—the superficial over-superlative commentary, the patronizing and often nasal voice of the narrator, and the lush, unrealistic pictorial material.

But when you consider the number of tourists who visit here and there each year with semi-professional seriousness, you realize that there will always be an eager audience for the travel film. As the nature of the tourists varies so does the choice in travel films. For the tourist who travels merely to see the "sights," a simple series of pictures showing mountains, rivers, and buildings will be pleasing and satisfying. Other tourists, who travel not merely to see but also to do, want to see films which make them feel a part of the new environment.

The films reviewed below were made by the Canadian Government to attract Canadian and American visitors to its national parks and undoubtedly they'll do a good job of it. Armchair tourists should enjoy them as well.

FAMILY OUTING

Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, and presented by the Canadian Government Travel Bureau in cooperation with The National Parks of Canada. Available free of charge from about sixty depositories in the United States, many of which make a small charge to cover handling costs. For a folder listing the names and addresses of libraries from which the films may be obtained, write to the National Film Board of Canada, 1270 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y. (14 min., color.)

At the Tunnel Mountain Campground in Banff National Park a typical visiting family pays its $1 registration fee, pitches its tent, and sets about the important business of having a good time. The youngsters go off on hikes, bicycle tours, boating expeditions, horseback rides, and swims in an outdoor hot-springs pool. For the parents there are other pastimes—fishing, golf, and scenic trips through woods and along the river shores. Since all Canada's national parks offer sanctuary to the wildlife we see many game animals which without the protection of the preservation laws would have been afraid to appear when human beings were in the vicinity. Despite the fault of occasionally stilted commentary the film on the whole is as pleasant and handsome as the people who appear in it and the setting in which it was shot.

SKI HOLIDAY

Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, see above. (11 min., color.)

With the snow season approaching us, this film will appeal more immediately to many tourists. Unfortunately, it isn't as believable as a film like "Family Outing," for example. Although it gives some useful tips on ski techniques, clothing, and equipment, it is little more than a series of calendar picture settings, complete with two lovely girls in their red and yellow costumes taking various poses before the camera. The color quality of the photography is excellent, and so are all the other trimmings. There just isn't much to hold them together.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN TROUT

Produced by the National Film Board of Canada, see above. (14 min., color.)

Amid the blue-black snow-covered mountains in Jasper National Park, the camera skilfully picks out scenic views which look more like oriental paintings than the real thing. And in the foreground expert casting and handling of the line are demonstrated.

The film also shows the work of the Canadian Government in restocking streams, rivers, and lakes; other precautionary measures are shown which insure the survival of the fish, at least until they are big enough to be lawfully caught on the hook. There is some interesting and amusing camera work, of the graceful motions of the hooked fish, for example; and an original musical score makes this film about twice as good as the usual "canned-music" travel film.

Other films in this Canadian Travel and Wildlife Series are "Seaside Holiday," (on Prince Edward Island, famous as the home of "Anne of Green Gables," 11 min., color); "Holiday Island," (camp life on the Georgian Bay Islands's National Park, 10 min., color); "You'll Take the Highroad" (a motor trip from Jasper to Banff, 18 min., color), and "Highland Holiday" (showing Nova Scotia's recreational facilities, 10 min., color).

—CECILE STARR.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 19)

dustrial empire outmaneuvered the Depression.

Joanna, Character Builder extraordinary, aimed to stiffen the soul of her son and heir with the iron ramrod of righteousness. Enough of the iron rubbed off to leave Alexander McIntyre Wicklund—Alec, alias Duke—a decent human being everlastingly pursued by the Hound of Heaven. In vain Alec fled down the days and down the years, at Lawrenceville and Princeton, in the Hudson Valley's patrician "Neighborhood," on Rodney Dreher's Left Bank, and in the august atmosphere of Foundation Board meetings. The Hound caught up with him at the crossroads of choice between his wife and the woman he loved.

Miss Holt's dynastic plot clicks as efficiently and briskly as Joanna's committee meetings. In tracing Gunnar's development from hick manufacturer of dustpans and eggbeaters to industrial tycoon with social standing she unrolls a fresh, bright panorama of American history. She looks at her characters with sharp and affectionate eyes and tells them off with sly humor. It may be a long time before another novelist creates irony as bitter-sweet as Miss Holt's in simultaneously awarding honorary degrees to Joanna McIntyre Wicklund's boy and his friend, Rodney Dreher, darling of the avant-garde.

Son of the Ould Sod

THE YOUNG McDERMOTT. By Edward McSorley. New York: Harper & Bros. 293 pp. $3.

By Ann F. Wolfe

BY AND large, the Irish are not a restful crowd. History and the English have recorded that uneasy fact, and nothing that Edward McSorley writes about the Irish in Providence, R. I., would gainsay it. In the years that followed the First World War, which is the period of "The Young McDermott," the sons and daughters of Erin seem to have kept things stirred up in the environs of Roger Williams Park. What with bootleggers, Irish Republican partisans, labor agitators, politicians and intra-clan feudists, Providence was the scene of a Donnybrook Fair that drowned out even the prayers of St. Malachi's faithful.

Like a shamrock awhirl in the ancestral maelstrom, cub reporter Willie McDermott is overwhelmed by the problems of his job on the *Herald*. It is not only that he is sent out on harrowing assignments. His colleagues on the paper are cynical and corrupt. His domineering family disapproves of his journalistic integrity when it involves his hijacking cousins across the street. In covering the stormy meetings of the city's Irish Republican groups, he is disillusioned by the disunity of the partisans and crushed by the compromise of the Irish Free State. He falls in love with a pretty refugee from the Black and Tans only to lose her through the unjust suspicion that he has betrayed her gangster uncle to the police.

Somehow or other, and mostly other, Willie manages to stomach his *Herald* chores until he is faced with a sickening dose of labor agitation. In protest against the murder of a harmless striker at the hands of the police, he publicly attends the victim's funeral. The *Herald* editor orders him to apologize to the shady union leader who is directing the strike. Rather than compromise with his principles, Willie quits the job.

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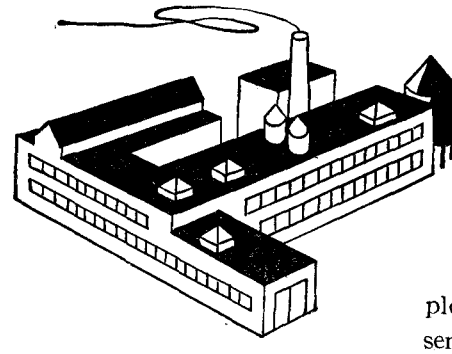

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East South Central	54,649,575	5,001,133
West North Central	82,505,143	8,864,044
West South Central	64,741,247	4,233,644
Mountain	50,221,219	3,473,308
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the young Ulysses from Providence ships as a coal passer on a freighter and lands in Germany. While on a spree in Hamburg he is robbed of his money and identification papers. Until duplicate papers arrive from America he lives "on the beach" of the North German underworld, the crony of picaresque wastrels.

The wanderer creeps home in the end to Catherine Daly. Catherine rejoices to have him back, for she knows that he was faithful even when he availed himself of the professional services of his two pitiful childhood friends who found a career of sorts in small-time harlotry. Even had he been unfaithful in anybody's fashion, Catherine would have loved him.

Willie's is a Joycean story, the eloquent and racy tale of the adventures of a soul. But without the McDermotts and the Riordans and the Dalys and the rest of St. Malachi's parishioners "The Young McDermott" would be just another saga of a romantic American lad who came into his spiritual own the hard way. The essential and unique appeal of the book lies in the transplanted Irish spirit as it takes root on the banks of a Yankee river, in the soaring imagination of the Celt as it makes over the land of Roger Williams in the image of Leitrim and Cork.

Someone has said that Mr. McSorley can write like an angel. Agreed —like a fallen angel, for he has plenty of the Old Nick in him. Guile and beguile, a little of the one and a lot of the other—there you have the racial charm of his teeming O's and Mc's. And if, even in the most pious of them, there is a spread between the prayer and the deed, the prayer will not lack for honesty and beauty or the deed for color and humor.

All this, and poetry too—the Irish way with the English tongue. "They'd take the bloody stars out of the sky," says Uncle Owen of bootleggers, "and plaster them on a bottle of poison if they thought that would help them sell it." Come to think of it—and I hope the Chamber of Commerce does —Willie makes a pretty good poem out of springtime in Providence.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 809)

HARRIETTE ARNOW:
HUNTER'S HORN

Nunn ran his hands gently back and forth across King Devil's* red-brown flanks. There was a puzzled wonder in his voice like a disappointed child's when he said, "But she's so little. . . . He allus seemed bigger . . . than anything else in the world."

*A fox.

CONSCIENCE

(Continued from page 8)

good title for some of them would be "The Bacon and I."

As for teaching how to get on with other people, they preach a kind of Machiavellianism not for princes but for the little man. Somehow these books convey the idea that you can be selfish with justification as long as you make yourself feel that you are unselfish; that you can enrich yourself at the expense of others as long as you persuade yourself that you only give "service" to them. In your personal relations you are taught to be cunning and diplomatic—all, of course, on the basis of psychology. And since you should not feel guilty, you certainly are not supposed to feel guilty about the insincerity entailed in all this. Recently I examined a man who seemed to me to have mastered the art of "using psychology" as taught in this literature to perfection. He won the confidence of many lonely women and certainly influenced them. (The complication was that he took their money and, when the "psychology" didn't work any more, killed a few of them.)

All these books breathe an atmosphere of optimism. Everybody can be happy or should be happy and if he *isn't* happy he should be happy that he isn't happy. This attitude seems to have spread even to one of our biggest universities, which recently announced a "Project Concerned with the Cheerful Aspects of Human Behavior. The subjects will not be the mentally distressed, but the strikingly happy and successful persons. Through detailed and intensive study of these individuals it is hoped that light will be thrown on the factors essential to effective and happy living." (Cost: $54,000.)

This optimism is different from the simple kind found in the old new-thought and uplift literature. It exists against a background of anxiety and evoked hypochondriasis. As a matter of fact, the negative emotional reactions aroused by this literature consist in a new kind of mental hypochondriasis which is a mixture between the cure and the disease. People have commented that in "Death of a Salesman" we never learn what Willy Loman is selling. But it is easy to guess what kind of books he reads —the peace-of-mind literature with the optimism of which life catches up in the end. What these books do *not* teach is to face life as it is. They are like tax guides which teach us not how to pay but how to evade taxes.

Books like "Peace of Mind," which

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seek most thoroughly to blend psychoanalysis and religion, work in the suggestive twilight of abnormal psychology and supernatural revelation. It is not quite clear whether they smuggle psychoanalysis into religion or religion into psychoanalysis. The parallel between psychoanalysis and religion is, as Freud pointed out, a false one. The road to Damascus is not the road to Vienna. Even the road to Bollingen is a thing for itself.

The outstanding feature common to these books is that they seem to be addressed to individuals who live mostly in a social vacuum. The influence of the environment in producing worry, tension, or anxiety is either completely disregarded or accepted as inevitable. There are no social forces, no social history, no social interaction, no social responsibility. In one of the most successful recent books an untrue statement about Negroes is repeated as if it were scientific fact: They don't "have the kind of heart disease brought on by worry because they take things calmly." Social evils are rationalized and therefore justified as the result of individual faults amenable to self-improvement or psychoanalytic or psychotheological influence. The lesson is, clearly, that it is not the social scene but its isolated inhabitant that needs to be analyzed. Repressive measures of governments do not exist; there are only repressing mechanisms in the mind of the individual. If you can't help yourself the remedy you seek must be individual, not social. Instead of fighting against such attacks on civil liberties as "guilt by association," you should lie on psychoanalytic couches and ruminate about guilt by free association. Among all the case histories in this literature, there is no suggestion that there are maladies which as Dostoievsky said "arise from the abnormal conditions of society." There is almost no awareness of society's responsibility toward old, infirm, sick, and handicapped people—not to mention the normal ones.

Is there anything new in this literature? I think there is. It is, of course, a type of escape literature. It will not help you in the long run to an escape from anxiety, from suffering, or from doubts. But it does go a long way to help you to an escape from social responsibility. One can extract from these books a new concept, never before so fully elaborated—the concept of an air-conditioned conscience.

Fredric Wertham, M. D., is director of the Lafargue Clinic in Harlem, director of the Readjustment Center of the Quaker Emergency Service, and head of the Psychiatric Service of Queens Hospital, New York City.

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Seeing Things

CAGNEY RIDES AGAIN

THE story may be apocryphal, and yet it may not. According to it, a man one day was sitting in the office of the editor of a widely read American magazine. An assistant editor appeared with the dummy of the next week's issue in his hands. The editor apologized to his visitor and took a quick glance at the text and pictures submitted to him. Before he had finished with the dummy, he was shaking his head with disapproval. "It's good," he said, "but it hasn't enough grue. Get some more grue in." By "grue" he meant things gruesome; those horror photographs of the dead and the dying, the bereaved and the tortured, the bleeding and the mangled, which are regular features of his magazine and upon which, undoubtedly, millions of his readers dote.

No one who has seen "White Heat,"* James Cagney's first gangster film in eleven years, can accuse it of needing more grue. It is as tough, bloodstained, and corpse-strewn an underworld movie as has come out of Hollywood. Its excitements are constant; its callousness is unrelenting. Compared to it, a week end with the James Brothers (Frank and Jesse, not Henry and William) would be quiet. Its every moment has the violence of a stroll with the Camden killer. It is grue, all grue, and nothing but grue.

Once there was a play called "Death Takes a Holiday." Its title could never have been borrowed for "White Heat." Death is all over the lot, working overtime, punching everything but the clock, blowing out lives as busily and with as little remorse as a sexagenarian blows out the candles on his birthday cake. When Death pauses to get his breath in this Cagney picture, he does so only to gain the energy to stop someone else's breathing.

Having left my abacus at home, I cannot pretend to have kept accurate count of the number of jaws socked, heads beaten, guns emptied, people killed, and cadavers kicked downstairs in the course of "White Heat's" tense and turbulent action. Since it begins with a hold-up of a mail train, it gets going not with a bang but with a bang-bang-bang. Within its first five minutes four railroad men have died and one bandit has had his face obliterated by the steam from a riddled boiler. Thereafter, and right up to its tumultuous end, pistols and machine guns continue to blaze away, and men and women are held as cheaply as if they were clay targets in a shooting gallery.

Does Hamlet cry, "Bloody, bawdy villain! Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!"? Drop "bawdy" from the list, and that is precisely the kind of villain Mr. Cagney is now playing in cops-and-robbers terms. Swaggering through such a part is no new assignment for him. He has never been a gun-shy actor. He is drawn as inevitably to the underworld as was Orpheus.

To be sure, for more than a decade after "Angels with Dirty Faces" he forswore gangsterdom. Yet, sooner or later, considering his skill at this kind of thing, the star of "Public Enemy" was doubtless bound to revisit the scene of his crimes. Mr. Cagney is some eighteen years older than he was when he appeared in that unforgettable film. He has grown a little heavier. Indeed, his face has taken on a hint of plumpness which makes him suggest at moments Fiorello La Guardia—of all people! But he is as agile as he ever was. As cocksure, too. And no less adroit at all the arts of heartlessness and homicide.

Never, not even in "Public Enemy," has Mr. Cagney played, or played better, a more brutal character than Cody Jarrett in "White Heat." He is an appallingly amoral person. Like Louisville Lou in the old song, he has no more conscience than a snake has hips. He is a cheat, a robber, a bully, a perjurer, a sadist, and a mass-murderer. To him a law is merely something to be broken. He lives not only for but by the excitements of the chase. Although not exactly happy, he is perennially trigger-happy. A smoking gun is a sixth finger on his right hand. The sole tenderness he shows is for his tough old Ma (Margaret Wycherly), and for her he feels an affection which would startle Philip Wylie. Momism has seldom found a less likely victim or produced a more incredible mother's boy.

TO MAKE matters worse, Cody Jarrett is the son of an insane father and is himself subject to tormenting headaches at unpredictable moments. When these headaches overtake him, they send him groveling on the ground, screaming with pain, babbling foolishly, and indicate his own closeness to insanity.

The Government men who pursue

"It is grue, all grue, and nothing but grue."

WHITE HEAT, screen play of Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts, based on a story by Virginia Kellogg. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Produced by Louis F. Edelman for Warner Brothers. With James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, Margaret Wycherly, Steve Cochran, John Archer, Wally Cassell, Mickey Knox, Fred Clark, G. Pat Collins, Paul Guilfoyle, Fred Coby, Ford Rainey, and Robert Osterloh. At the Strand, New York City.

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him are as brave and ingenious as he is and, though better dressed, almost as tough. In their hunt for him, and a thrilling hunt it is, they employ both the newest machinery of scientific detection and devices as old as a "plant," who, as Jarrett's cellmate in prison, wins his confidence. Ultimately, of course, they get him. They have to. The Johnston Office would be compelled to shoot him if they did not.

The last we see of Jarrett is when, after a breathless battle in which his remaining henchmen have died and he himself is wounded, he is blown to his death by the billowing flames of an oil tank in a refinery he has attempted to hold up. "I'm on the top of the world," he has screamed maniacally. But thereafter, and at once, the lesson is carefully pointed out that Jarrett's long record of misbehavior has brought his world down with him. In other words, "White Heat" has its split second of morality when it insists that crime does not pay. It has this moment even though it comes as tardily as a postscript or an afterthought.

That crime will pay at the box office in the case of this exceptionally able and taut gangster film goes without saying. Raoul Walsh's direction is brilliant and dynamic. Moreover, the acting of Mr. Cagney and his fellow players is ignited by a driving precision and authority which are outstanding. But the picture, in spite of its undeniable excellences and thrills, does raise its disturbing problems.

Surely, it is not the healthiest diet for teen-agers to feed upon. Nor are teen-agers the only ones who might be infected by it. Minds and calendars can be completely out of step. If the immature were only the young, matters might be simplified by restricting audiences to those above a certain age. Certainly, no art can expect to function in adult terms if its subject-matter is held down to what is considered safe for those who are not grown up. But, as our newspapers frequently remind us, the war veterans with commendable records who suddenly go berserk and reach for revolvers, machine guns, or knives are not teen-agers.

ANOTHER question raised by "White Heat" is the impression of our way of living which foreign audiences will gain from it. Its every word, its every action, its every attitude is beyond dispute a contradiction, for example, of what the Voice of America is trying to persuade the world that we are. If the excitements of "White Heat" were typical rather than exceptional to the point of rarity, no one could object to it. But they are not, as Americans will be the first and Europeans the last to recognize. The picture, one of the toughest and finest of its kind, makes it clear that Hollywood along with the rest of the country faces new responsibilities in a postwar world. Whether they want to be or not, all films sent overseas nowadays are bound to be American ambassadors without portfolio. My fear is that, much as millions everywhere will enjoy "White Heat" as a hard-boiled thriller-diller, no one will enjoy it more than our enemies. The America it depicts is the America they would like to believe is every American's daily living.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Autumn Dirge

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

FORGET the fox,
forget the shaken deer,
now is the dreadful hour
of the hounds' delight,
they run the paths
of the leaf-fallen year,
their voices fill with music
the bright night.

Through the still air
their chanting breaks again,
mournful and musical,
pausing like death:
forget the fear,
forget the flurried pain,
Beauty's unleashed and cries
with the hounds' breath.

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LETTERS

(*Continued from page 24*)

original investment in fifteen years is nice going in any time or place.

Your reviewer also goes off the deep end with his attack on my claim that "the Amazonian aborigines deserve to be ranked among the world's great scientists." He is within his rights in claiming that the statement borders on sheer extravagance, that being a matter of opinion. But he is not within his rights as a reviewer in calling it "unsupported" while ignoring the support. I point out that the Amazonian Indians gave us many such things as quinine, cocaine, rubber, rotenone, and curare, and I quote Haskins on their success in making the poisonous manioc edible.

In attacking me for the statement that "the jungle Indians' careful agriculture is the achievement of a high civilization," he conveniently omits the first part of the sentence, which reads: "When compared with the utter savagery with which the white man has despoiled his soils and allowed them to be leached into sterility and washed away, as described for instance by Fairfield Osborn and William Vogt—." That omission of half a sentence in order to make the other half seem ridiculous is typical of Meyerhoff's method throughout—of attacking me for statements that he distorts and takes entirely out of context.

Such distortions astonish me all the more because they are utterly unnecessary. A careful worker could attack me much more effectively without them. Since the book's publication, and with the help of friends and foes alike, I have to date spotted some twelve outright errors of fact in it. Their listing makes an embarrassing story, even though none of them in any way affects the ultimate conclusions. There are undoubtedly more, since twelve seems like a small number for a book of this size and wide range. Meyerhoff, however, seems so intent on attacking the book for what it does not say, so busy setting up straw men in order to knock them down again, that he completely missed every one of its real errors of fact. That seems to me to be a unique achievement in critical reporting.

EARL P. HANSON.

Newark, Del.

"What the War Did to Prose"

SIR: I should like to shy a few brickbats at Rudolf Flesch for his superficial and misleading remarks on "What the War Did to Prose" [*SRL* Aug. 13]. I can find almost nothing there with which a thoughtful student of modern American fiction can agree.

Item: The bits quoted from Michener lend no support to the assertion that his work comes out of the Hemingway tradition, the issue being further confused by the identification of Hemingwayese with the journalistic. Doesn't Flesch know that Hemingway works quite formally and consciously for highly sophisticated literary effects, whereas the journalist works to make the deadline for the fourth edi-

tion? Michener works neither in the one tradition nor the other. His style is, as a matter of fact, rather stodgy, and though the dialogue itself has a somewhat formalized kind of verisimilitude, the connecting tissue has the texture and feel of the nineteenth- rather than the twentieth-century prose. Item: What is there essentially journalistic in the excerpts from Hersey, Gunther, and Sherwood? What qualities inhere in the styles of these excerpts that might not be found in equally carefully selected paragraphs from writers so diverse in time and place that the extension of the adjective to cover them all would rob it of all meaning as a critical term? Item: It is odd to see Mailer put into the Faulknerian category. What about the rhapsodic Wolfe-call which sounds so clearly in Flesch's selection? Item: "Jamesian hesitancies and gingerly qualifying phrases" may fill Cozzens's "Guard of Honor," but they don't fill the selection from it quoted by Flesch, which gives, in reasonably straightforward sentences, an account of a state of mind so clear as to be quite un-Jamesian.

What did the war do to Flesch's sense of style?

WINTHROP TILLEY.

Storrs, Conn.

In Praise of W. H. Hudson

SIR: For the accuracy, of the record, Ivan Sanderson's statement, in his review of "High Jungle" [*SRL* Sept. 3], that William Beebe with his "Two Bird-Lovers in Mexico" instituted almost fifty years ago "an entirely new trend in natural history," should be corrected to read that W. H. Hudson, in his earliest volumes of nature essays, in the early 1890's, initiated this "modern" approach.

I am sure that Mr. Beebe would be the first to grant pre-eminence to Hudson, whose "Green Mansions" is so well known but whose fine pioneering volumes of highly literate natural history are too little known today.

MARTIN S. CURTLER.

Rockport, Mass.

A Vote Against Materialism

SIR: One may wonder how the materialist keeps his simple faith in an age of nuclear physics. Your correspondent George Mendel [LETTERS, *SRL* Aug. 13] gives an interesting explanation.

In defending his nineteenth-century creed Mr. Mendel at no point examines its objective truth or falsity. Instead, he links it to the advancement of certain socio-political ideas. Thus "men prefer food to a faith that fails to increase their daily bread." I realize that this is a classic theory but its assumption of proof that faith and social progress are mutually exclusive strikes me as *ignoratio elenchi*.

The demonstration in our time that organic and inorganic matter are only part of a universal equation has led many to re-examine theism, to study the great religions from a new viewpoint, and in some cases to an acceptance of Christian revelation. Your correspondent is so typically contemptuous of believers that he does not stoop to reason with them but instead seeks to destroy them polemically, dipping into the grab-bag and hurling phrases like "feudal obscurantism," "feudal spirit," "medieval standards," and "acres in the sky." This may ease his primitive rancor but it proves nothing. It seems to me that if anybody is devoted to obscurantism it is Mr. Mendel, who is willing to maintain a creed on shaky premises so long as he considers it useful.

One wearies of pointing out to sentimental materialists that any logical system built on their premise would rule out words like "the soul" and phrases like "exaltation of the spirit" or even "human stature." In such a system of thought they have no more relevance than the terms "up" and "down" would have in a uniplanar existence. The upthrust of the human spirit is either thrusting upward to Something or it is an illusion.

WALTER O'HEARN.

New York, N. Y.

Doubts Concerning Mindszenty

SIR: Is George Shuster's estimate of Cardinal Mindszenty and his activities [*SRL* July 30] based upon all the events of the Cardinal's life before he secured the red hat, and before and after the trial, or is it grounded upon the full acceptance of the assertions of the man and his followers? Isn't there evidence on record which President Shuster has brushed aside? Are the photographs of the Cardinal before and after trial, which the press printed without asking questions, genuine or faked? If genuine, does it follow that the change in appearance of the Cardinal was due to poison or other injury inflicted by enemies? These and other doubts demand resolution.

E. L. TALBERT.

Cincinnati, O.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. Shylock, in "The Merchant of Venice." 2. Grumio, in "The Taming of the Shrew." 3. Hamlet, in "Hamlet." 4. Antonio, in "The Tempest." 5. Mercutio, in "Romeo and Juliet." 6. First Witch, in "Macbeth." 7. Iago, in "Othello." 8. Touchstone, in "As You Like It." 9. Falstaff, in "I Henry IV." 10. Caludio, in "Much Ado About Nothing." 11. Oberon, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." 12. Lady Macbeth, in "Macbeth." 13. Edgar, in "King Lear." 14. Bertram, in "All's Well That Ends Well." 15. Gower, in "Pericles."

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U. S. A.

(Continued from page 15)

tigations into the question which is the subtitle of the book: "What You Can Do About Prejudice." But even while this question is being investigated, efforts to wipe out racial and religious discrimination and prejudice must continue on the level of the knowledge we now possess.

U. S. A. Notes

THE STORY OF BAR HARBOR, by Richard Walden Hale, Jr. Ives Washburn, $3. Mr. Hale was getting along fine with his "informal history recording 150 years in the life of a community" when, in the rainless autumn of 1947, the community started to burn up. This tragic dénouement gave him an admirable if unsought opportunity to prove his point (for this is history with a point) that "Bar Harbor is a place in which democracy has succeeded when other forms of government, other ways of life, have failed." These "Americans who know how to help themselves" lived unto themselves until 1844, when Thomas Cole, Hudson River painter, brought his sketch-book (Princeton has it now) to Mount Desert Island. The cottage era, strictly, did not open until nearly twenty-five years later. It is still going strong; age cannot wither it, or dry timber burn it out. Mr. Hale, as becomes a member of the Wellesley faculty, alludes frequently and informally to novels with Bar Harbor settings. His own account, readable and competent, deserves to become a part of the region's permanent literature.

MOONSHINE AMERICA, by Leonard Wayman. Anglobooks, New York City. $1.50. The press-release accompanying this book tries to do the reviewer's own mad-getting for him; for instance, it calls Mr. Wayman a "self-styled British author-sociologist." (Mr. Wayman doesn't style himself that or

Old Man

By Vincent McHugh

TIED round with dreams of sage poulette
eaten when he was a boy
and the old lion hunter
down from the Wasatch, who bred whippets for show
and who had numbers of bitches lying about
each with her litter, warmed by a kerosene stove

Let me tell you it was no easy going
no dugways then
the snow in the passes
and the hard yells of the Apache
echoing in the rock

The woman from Texas
who came to the point with little yelps
like a dog being kicked

And the sea the sea remembered all his life
in that one glimpse of it off Monterey

The first girl
in the field of wild mustard
her brown breast panting and wet
like the sweet flesh of infants kissed after a bath

Just once in forty years
the ore came right
that day in the Sangre de Cristo
and even the tailings had a smell of gold

Sold and poured into the bars of Tucson
The men standing close now
as if he were a talisman

The lightning blaze of whiskey
swollen in his muscles
and the sound of splintering wood

Waked and slept and waked again for two days more
and the business men on palomino horses at his funeral

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by NIAL KENT

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Third Prize	50.00
10 Prizes, each	15.00

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CONTEST RULES

1. Each contestant may submit one letter of not more than 300 words in length. All entries should be sent to Contest Editor, Greenberg: Publisher, 201 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y. and postmarked not later than December 1, 1949.

2. Prizes will be awarded for the best letters commenting upon the controversial ending of *The Divided Path,* a novel by Nial Kent. Letters may be *pro* or *con,* or may offer a new solution altogether. Should Michael, the hero, whose development inevitably sent him into the twilight world, live or die, and why? Should he find final happiness with Paul, or marry Elinor, whom he also loves? How would *you* end this novel?

3. Letters will be judged by the editorial staff of Greenberg: Publisher. Their decisions shall be final.

4. All contest letters become the property of Greenberg: Publisher, and none will be returned.

5. This contest is open to everyone within the continental limits of the United States, except employees of Greenberg: Publisher or their advertising agencies.

Published Thursday

$3 at bookstores, or direct from Dept. SRL,

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anything else in his book.) Mr. Wayman, the release continues, "discredits U. S. sincerity, character, intelligence, culture, business, foreign policy, and the American way of life." That's all right, so long as he leaves our women and our cooking alone. Actually Mr. Wayman isn't as bad, or as good, as he is made out to be. Take his chapter on "The Culture of the American Aborigine" (and he isn't talking about the Indians). Not a single book or author is mentioned in it. The chapter is concerned entirely with movies and radio, and a good many Americans would regard his strictures as understatements. He makes up a singing commercial in praise of Wayman's Desiccated Wheat—how many American advertising men does he suppose know what desiccated means, let alone how to spell it? Inevitably he stresses the gangster theme, but every gangster he names has been in his ten-thousand-dollar coffin lo these many years, and one was actually legally executed. His anger is honest and forthright; he swings a lance, not a needle. But just one moment, Wayman, you who know all about the American way of life—there is no hyphen in Sing Sing.

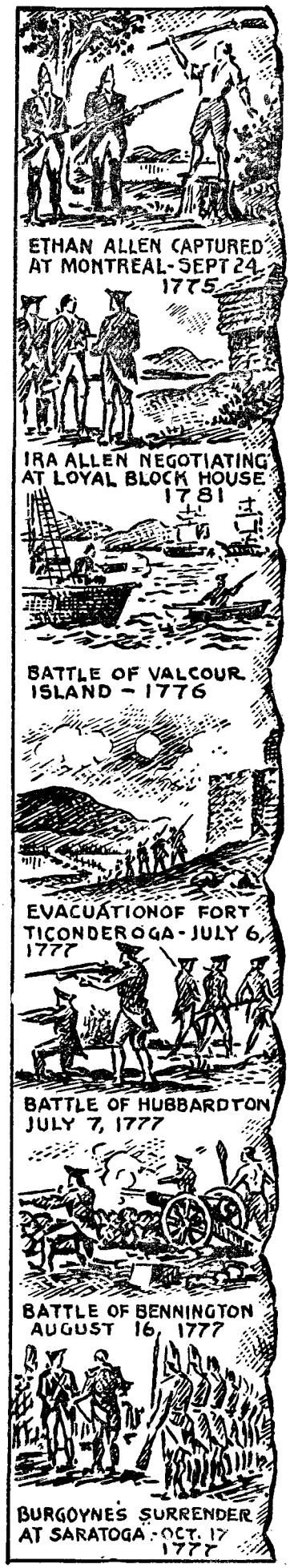
SERVICE FOR PEACE: A HISTORY OF MENNONITE CIVILIAN PUBLIC SERVICE, by Melvin Gingerich. Mennonite Central Committee, Akron, Pa. Since their establishment in 1525, the Mennonites have held that war is "utterly contrary to the spirit and teaching of Jesus." Of 12,000 conscientious objectors drafted under the Selective Service Act of 1940, 4,665 were Mennonites. Their tradition of non-resistance was as sincere as it was ancient. Some Mennonites suffered for their beliefs during the First World War, and as a result the church put on an aggressive campaign for its principles and its integrity that bore fruit twenty-two and more years later.

Mennonite service in 1941-47 included work in soil conservation, national parks maintenance, reclamation, agriculture, dairying, mental-hospital duty, public-health work, and, rather more spectacular, in the United States Forest Service, where several of the youths became "smoke jumpers." (Mr. Gingerich gives credit for this particular idea not to a Mennonite, but to a Quaker.) This 500-page study, complete with bibliography, appendices, statistical tables, and a minute index, is comprehensive and inclusive. It is entirely factual, contains no special pleading, and altogether is a satisfactory, interesting, and worth-while addition to the history of America's war years.

WELLS FARGO: ADVANCING THE AMERICAN FRONTIER, by Edward Hungerford. Random House. $3.75. Boswell met Johnson, and Wells met Fargo, in a bookstore. In May 1852 Wells and Fargo (Henry and William G.) capitalized their "California express" at $300,000, and by the end of the year they had twelve offices in operation on or near the Pacific Coast. The first Wells Fargo robbery occurred in 1855, and was effected by "Rattlesnake Dick" Barter, and one is delighted to learn that this prototype of the American stick-up artist was a native of Canada and the son of a British Army officer. In 1884 the company made an accounting of its losses at the hands of bandits over the previous fourteen years which recorded 313 stage robberies (plus thirty-four attempted), twenty-three burglaries, four train robberies (plus four attempted), six guards and stage drivers killed, sixteen stage robbers killed, sixteen "hanged by citizens," 240 convictions, and $415,000 in treasure stolen (and "promptly made good to customers"). Rewards, prosecutions, and salaries of guards brought the total to more than $900,000—crime pays somebody. This, Edward Hungerford's last book, is a solid and detailed narrative; fact has the call over romance, much as it did, and still does, with Wells, Fargo and Company.

THE VERMONT STORY, by Earle Newton. Vermont Historical Society. $7.50. This book, the first unit in a projected series of state histories, sets a stiff pace for the forty-seven which, one hopes, will follow. It is as far removed from the stodgy, unsightly, old-type local history as one could well imagine. With its wealth of illustrations, a large proportion of them in color, it is a breathtaking innovation, and a most welcome and important one. The text is no mere padding for the pictures, but a vivid, readable, well-documented expository and descriptive narrative. There is an admirable bibliography with helpful critical and explanatory comment, and a really comprehensive index. Mr. Newton is director of the Vermont Historical Society. There is a foreword by Allan Nevins and an introduction by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Vermont was a pioneer in the field of intelligent and competent state public relations, and it has never let this policy degenerate into cheap and garish exploitation. This excellent and handsome manual is a worthy initiatory volume to what should prove a fascinating and useful series.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.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BATTLE OF HUBBARDTON JULY 7, 1777
BATTLE OF BENNINGTON AUGUST 16, 1777
BURGOYNES SURRENDER AT SARATOGA - OCT. 17 1777

—*From "The Vermont Story."*

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
BRAHMS: SERENADE #1 IN D, OP. 11. Concert Hall Society Symphony Orch., Swoboda. Concert Hall C4 (Limited Edition)	A very beautiful small orchestra recording, with splendid width and depth of perspective. Solo instruments clearly etched, natural (it is semi-chamber music), the whole big sounding and alive. High apparent turnover (bass range bit weak).	(See below.) A recording long awaited, by this one listener at least. The playing of individual soloists is excellent, the ensemble good. Swoboda's Brahms is intense, on the verge of overtautness; some hurrying. But far better this than a stodgy performance! Limited to subscribers.
HAYDN: SYMPHONY #94 ("SURPRISE"). Berlin Philharmonic, Schmidt-Isserstedt. Capitol ECL 8021 (3) (*Also on LP and 45 rpm*)	Not unlike the above, a small group: clean solo lines but live enough to sound "symphonic." First violins seem a bit close to mike. Excellent highs.	A revelation in familiar Haydn in spite of merely average ensemble—a small orchestra minus usual overblown string section; interpretation minus cuteness or heavy romanticizing, an almost chamber style of playing, wholly authentic. Highly recommended.
*BACH: SUITES #1 IN C; #4 IN D. Boston Symphony Orchestra, Koussevitzky. RCA Victor DM, WDM 1307 (5)	Finest acoustics for the music I can remember—remarkable depth, extra-clear definition of groups of tone color, inner voices, a true "snarl" to the Bach oboes. Some unfortunate breaks between sides—in view of LP!	The recording is so wonderful, bringing out details galore usually missed altogether even in "live" hearings, that poor playing of dance mvts. is minimized. Overtures are much better—D major, a tremendous piece, is worth price of album.

* Reviewed from slow-speed version.

BRAHMS: SERENADE, OPUS 11

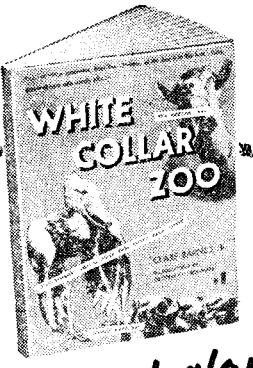
FOR some fifteen years I waited, with my all-time favorite single disc a Minuet and Scherzo from the Brahms First Serenade (London Symphony, Blech; RCA Victor 11458, unavailable), for a complete recording of this remarkable but neglected work. Now Concert Hall has done it and I am wonderfully rewarded. Why is this delightful bit of easy-going Brahms so seldom heard?

The two Serenades, Opus 11 and 16, form a pair not unlike others in the Brahms output. Opus 16, the more familiar, belongs with those more rigorous works—the First Piano Concerto, the outer symphonies—where there seems to hang a kind of judgment over the music, where Brahms, obsessed with artistic conscience, drives himself at the expense of spontaneity. The Second Serenade is tight textured, eloquent, but so thickly woven as to impede its own freedom and deny the very title Serenade.

Opus 11, the seldom heard, is another Brahms altogether, to match the Second Piano Concerto, the two inner symphonies, the "Liebeslieder" Waltzes—music less stern, more relaxed, informal, as though conscience were for the moment put aside. It is the perfect Serenade, free, exultant, intimate in the manner of Schumann, yet a marvel of ingenious construction and intellectual thought nevertheless. Its youthful exploration of chromaticism and particularly of the augmented sixth chord is unsurpassed in the later Brahms and of the highest originality. Its conventionalities are less trite than some pretentious moments in the symphonies. The six movements are built Beethoven-like upon a unity of basic material (as was most enchantingly evident on hearing the four unfamiliar movements after years of knowing the Minuet and Scherzo); yet even so, this music dances buoyantly and sings without fetter to the end, its luminescent coloring of solo winds and strings as light as silk. And that from Brahms, the weighty!

Limited edition—will some other company kindly record it for the rest of us?

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.



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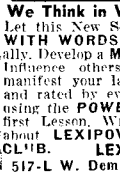

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

COMO SAPIENS

CERNOBBIO, Italy

THE international set, should you be looking for it, takes refuge this time of the year at a resort known as Villa d'Este, on the shores of Lake Como. The Villa d'Este is a hotel with a bizarre past and an elegant present. The internationalists whom it invites to swim in Como's clear waters, to play golf on its eighteen-hole golf course, to play tennis on its clay courts, to sip cocktails on its lake-shore terrace, to eat by the light of its Northern Italian moon are mostly Americans, Europe's dollar aristocrats. Almost one-third of the guests this year have been from the States. The rest come from England, Egypt, and the assorted countries of Europe.

Enough Continentals and enough Americans of Continental caste come to Como to lend to the afternoon cocktail hour the sharp atmosphere of flirtation, intrigue, and chic on the grand scale. Here is Aly Khan's former American girl friend, who is forgetting him with an Egyptian, with whom she turns up periodically at Europe's best hotels. A few tables away a six-foot, five-inch Dane in a white linen suit is dabbling in foreign exchange over tea and pastry. An American lady in a pink dress speaks alternately in French and Italian, returning every now and then to read snatches from a serial story in the new *Cosmopolitan*, which she holds on her lap. A pair of American businessmen, traveling on an Olson Tour, bend over the bar, looking incredulously at a bottle of John Jamieson. The inevitable *femme fatale* sweeps in on the arm of an ascotted Englishman who smokes a Turkish cigarette from a long holder. She wears a printed sports dress of many colors which dips low in front in salute to the male population. On the subject of her, the gentlemen of the many nations are united. She puffs great clouds of smoke from a holder half a foot long, sips gin and orange juice, talks American in carefully nurtured British syllables. There are those at the hotel who insist her speech slips now and then into plain New York. Two Egyptians and an Englishman are trying to raise a pair of seats for the Toscanini concert in Milan. Over by the edge of the lake a rotund, florid-faced gentleman from New Mexico sits in his shirt sleeves, his cowboy Stetson on his lap. It's hot, and he is hanging his feet over the railing to cool.

There is a marble statue in the hotel depicting a man bent over, holding his side. The wags have it that the statue represents a departing guest who has just paid his bill. Actually, by American luxury-hotel standards, the rates are not particularly high. A two-room suite with glass-enclosed bath which, wall to wall, could probably accommodate a convention of the Rotary International, costs $14 a day per person with food. Add to that the customary obligatory European charge for service and tax, which comes to about an extra 20 per cent. The average *pension* rate, room and bath with meals, runs between 5,000 and 6,000 lira a day. The lira has been averaging about 615 to the dollar.

—*Italian National Tourist Office.*

On the shores of Lake Como—"a bizarre past and an elegant present."

ASIDE from the lush life around the hotel there are excursions by speedboat to many of the romantic villas and tiny villages that line the lake. Greta Garbo, who was here ten days ago, was particularly entranced by the sentimental legend of the Villa Pliniana. In a not-too-brief encounter some years ago a beautiful and prominent woman of high Milan society left her husband and went to live with another man at Villa Pliniana. The lovers closeted themselves inside, and didn't appear again for seven years.

The town of Como, which is ten minutes from Villa d'Este by land or lake, is also the silk center of Italy. Two factory-stores sell to tourists—Moretti for piece goods, and Ravasi for ties, scarves, and robes. Foulard ties of printed silk cost about $1.65, ties of woven silk, $2. Como's active silk industry has made a silk center of Milan, Italy's largest industrial city, an hour's ride down the *autostrade*, through the lanes of billboards and mulberry trees.

Villa d'Este can trace activity on its site all the way back to 1442, when the grounds were occupied by a convent. The Villa, which was built many years later, was the home during the early nineteenth century of General Pino, an Italian fighting in the forces of Napoleon. Pino's last campaigns took him to Spain, where he successfully stormed a series of medieval castles. When he returned to his home on the shores of Como Pino discovered that his wife had built for him, as a homecoming present, a replica of his conquered castles in Spain. He was so elated that he invited the entire cadet corps of a Milan military school down for the day, and had them put on a mock attack on the castle walls. The ruins of Countess Pino's homecoming gift to the general still stand on the heights above the hotel.

Shortly afterwards Villa d'Este was purchased by Carolina Amelia Elisabeth of Brunswick-Wolfenbut, otherwise known as the Princess of Wales.

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A lady of uncertain moods, she ditched the Prince of Wales when she was forty-six and came to Como to start life over. That's when the party first started at Villa d'Este. Her gay court-in-exile was the object of extreme censure in London. When the Princess visited Vienna the British Ambassador and his entire staff left the city. And when King George III died in 1820 and the Prince of Wales was to be crowned she suddenly appeared at Westminster without invitation, and was royally rebuffed. As the uncrowned Queen of England, she died the following month.

But the sad story of the Princess of Wales is not the only sad story which has unfolded on the shores of Como. There is also the story of B. Mussolini, who with twelve Fascist henchmen and his mistress came to Como on the night of April 24, 1945. After a council of war the party decided to join a German motorized column which was heading for the Swiss border a few kilometers away. The next morning, with the Italians aboard, the German column rolled through the village of Como, through Cernobbio as far as Dongo on the northern end of the lake. There they were stopped by partisans, and the German commander made a deal. He surrendered Mussolini, who was disguised in a German uniform, and was allowed to take his column through. The next morning Benito and Clara were lined up in front of the wall of a villa and shot. Lots of tourists travel up to Dongo now to see where it happened.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Still Life

By Ralph Gustafson

I

BY what election was this boy
The arbiter is plainly shown.
There on the needed beachhead
The candid shot of him was made
To annotate a headline. He
Assumed the rank our franchise gave.
His honors fell easily with him.
Expert his summation and
The deposition clear. His very
Posture is the metaphor:
The balance set within his hand;
Across his eyes, for blindfold, sand.

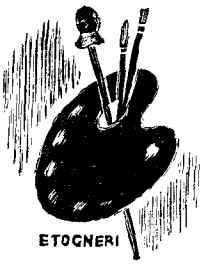
II

At ease for the posturing moment,
The rescued fifty faces
With goodwill set,
The sovereignties assembled
Under the kliegs and cameras
Slightly sweat.

THE FINE ARTS

THE OBJECT DISAPPEARS

"DO YOU still intend to paint a large historical picture? I think the answer must be 'yes.' You love your art too much to restrict yourself to futile subjects, to paintings of circumstance. Posterity, my friend, will be more severe; it will exact beautiful paintings of history from Gros. . . . Time passes, and we are growing old, my good friend, and you have not yet done what can be called a true painting of history.... Hurry, hurry, my good friend, and you have not yet your Plutarch, and choose a subject known to everyone; that is very important."


ETOGNERI

Thus, on June 22, 1820, the exiled Jacques-Louis David, once the leading painter of the French Republic and of the Empire, wrote to his former pupil, Antoine-Jean Gros. His meaning was clear.

Gros must forget that in 1804 he had exhibited a painting of Napoleon touching the sores of the plague-stricken at Jaffa; he must forget the exotic tumult of his "Battle of Aboukir" and the stained snow of his "Battle of Eylau," in which Bonaparte surveys the carnage like a bewildered evangelist. According to David, Gros had not yet accomplished anything, since he had not completed a painting of past and preferably ancient history. Instead he had spent the most fertile years of his career depicting the contemporary exploits of Napoleon, whose Creole bride of a year, Josephine de Beauharnais, had caught up the painter in her train at Genoa in 1796 and carried him off to her husband's headquarters in Italy. Gros had been profoundly impressed by General Bonaparte and, as victory followed brilliant victory, had grown more and more excited by current military events, less and less interested in "true painting of history." By 1820, when David's letter arrived, he was powerless to reform, though Napoleon was then ill and disgraced at St. Helena. The remainder of the artist's life was passed in indecision and doubt. On June 26, 1835, his body was found in shallow water in a small tributary of the Seine. He had committed suicide.

Gros' death may be considered a tragic outcome of the conflict between the idealized past and the dramatic present as sources of inspiration for French artists of the post-Rococo period. Could great art be generated by living drama, or did it require the cumulative dignity of early history or myth? Today the issue no longer pertains, except in impotent academic circles, but to artists of the early nineteenth century it was a grave matter. David himself had straddled the issue brilliantly, but finally his personal disillusionment with his own time had led him to insist fiercely on the supremacy of the past. Gros was destroyed by the dilemma, as we have seen. His hardier successor, Théodore Géricault, from the beginning preferred his epoch, and his greatest work, as all art students know, was a picture of a contemporary shipwreck—"The Raft of the Medusa." But Géricault died young, leaving the stage to Delacroix, through whom grand-style iconography reasserted its claims, as noted here last month. Though Delacroix painted such contemporary subjects as the Turkish massacre at Chios and the July Revolution, his predilection was for themes removed from his own day in time or place or both. During most of his long career he interrupted a growing if sporadic tendency in art toward a use of the actual and the near.

AFTER Delacroix came Courbet. And with Courbet art aggressively recognized present circumstance as its chief concern. Moreover, through him the emphasis shifted from the extraordinary to the usual in current events, from the headlines of David, Gros, Géricault, and Delacroix to the more pedestrian accounts of the inside pages.

A swaggering exponent of realism, Courbet was utterly opposed to imaginative subjects; he believed, or professed to believe, only in the artist's powers of direct observation. In 1861 he or his ghost-writer, Castagnary, outlined his views in an article for the *Courrier du Dimanche*. "Above

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all," he declared, "art in painting should consist only in the representation of objects that the artist can see and touch. No epoch can ever be reproduced by artists other than its own. . . . Historical art is in its essence contemporary. . . . I hold also that painting is an essentially *concrete* art, and can consist only in the depiction of *real* and *existing* things. . . . An abstract object, not visible and nonexistent, is not within the domain of painting. Imagination in art consists in knowing how to find the most complete expression of an existing thing, never in imagining or in creating the thing itself."

Could any credo be more contrary to that of many leading artists of our own century—the cubists, for example, or the expressionists, or the surrealists? Could any statement more rigidly insist on the truth-to-nature standard, which, nearly a hundred years later, remains for innumerable people the most reliable measure of art? Presumably not. It would therefore appear that Courbet was the thorough opposite of modern painters like Picasso, Mondrian, Kandinsky, De Chirico, and Klee. In the large sense he was, and perhaps his main importance for today's artists is that he vigorously proposed an inflexible realism against which they have reacted. Yet it is a paradox of his career that he also contributed positively to the evolution of a twentieth-century art which he would have abhorred.

He did so by throwing a switch which sidetracked the "historical" express and gave the right of way to a local from which painters began to peer intently at the familiar and the near-at-hand. What was meaningful about his action was that it took place at so central a moment and site. There had been numerous realists before him, of course, especially in Northern Europe. But these men for the most part had not seriously obstructed the grand sweep of formal, humanist art stemming from the Renaissance. Courbet's anti-historical gesture, however, was made in Paris, just at the moment when romanticism's baroque revival began to decline. For that reason it can be compared in effectiveness to Caravaggio's proto-realist revolt in sixteenth-century Rome.

But how did Courbet's blunt objectivity (to which he was faithful only part of the time) contribute to the freely interpretive art common in our own epoch? It did so, I think, by condensing the iconographic field, narrowing and sharpening later artists' point of concentration, encouraging their interest in the indigenous roots of art, making the historical look old-fashioned for their purpose. "The Wave," by Courbet, for instance, pays little heed to traditional values of subject and composition. It is an image of foam and sky, divided into straight and equivalent horizontal bands. Its virtue lies in an inner excitement of light and tone; it has only the minimum iconographic interest. Quite logically, perhaps, Courbet was followed by Manet, an artist who was singularly uninventive as to subject matter, but who had much that was new to say about the autonomous expressiveness of painting.

If Courbet's program was effective, it was also short-lived. Whereas it had taken the main European pictorial tradition hundreds of years to moderate the domination of history painting, it took French art only one generation to move beyond Courbet's realism. By the 1870's the impressionists were altering his concept of nature by applying scientific precepts of color and light. But they usually retained his constriction of theme to daily surroundings. Following them, the post-impressionists again reduced the authority of subject matter—to such a degree that it would be impossible to imagine Gauguin writing Van Gogh: "Hurry, hurry, my good friend, turn the pages of your Plutarch."

Thus the way was open for the recognizable object to disappear altogether from painting, as has often, though by no means always, occurred in the advanced art of our own era. Once major nineteenth-century artists had rejected history's vast accrual in favor of nature itself, it was inevitable that their heirs should attempt to explore what nature truly is. And nature is not a landscape or an object. It is a compound of psychological, spiritual, and physical phenomena to which contemporary artists, as well as scientists, have discovered important clues.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

—*Gill.*

Courbet—"swaggering exponent of realism."

Movements & Manifestoes

TWENTIETH-CENTURY ITALIAN ART. By James Thrall Soby and Alfred H. Barr, Jr. New York: Simon & Schuster for the Museum of Modern Art. 144 pp. $3.75.

By MARGARET LOWENGRUND

A STRIDING polished bronze acquisition displayed at New York's Museum of Modern Art has recently electrified visitors to that vital showplace. It is Umberto Boccioni's "Unique Forms of Continuity in Space," created in 1913 by the Milanese artist, a futurist conception of frozen movement produced at the peak of that movement in art which gave Italy a bombastic, brilliant group of productive artists before the First World War.

"Throughout Europe futurism was perhaps greater than any movement save cubism," wrote Alfred H. Barr, Jr., of the Modern Museum, who contributed his share of the text of "Twentieth-Century Italian Art." James Thrall Soby collaborated on the lavishly illustrated and annotated book, which brings out historically and humanly a great period of energy, courage, and enthusiasm reflected in creative power. The painters and sculptors responsible for the two movements which swept Italy at a time when "the climate for art was propitious" were spokesmen in more ways than one. The two movements—futurism and its antagonist, the metaphysical school—were proclaimed in a series of manifestoes as flamboyant and as expressive as any political call. The manifestoes were, in fact, part of the temper of the country and one with its politics.

Back in 1909 it was the poet and literary critic Filippo Marinetti, of *Figaro*, who published the first proclamation: "We shall sing of the love of danger, energy, and boldness. . . . We declare that the world's splendor has been enriched by a new beauty: the beauty of speed. A racing motor-car, its hood adorned with great pipes like snakes with explosive breath . . . a roaring motor-car, which runs like a machine gun, is more beautiful than the 'Winged Victory of Samothrace.'" Already the glorification of war was in the blood of its artists as well as its people; Italy roused its creative youth to action!

Followed a new "Manifesto of the Futurist Painters." Three young painters, Boccioni, Carrà, and Russolo, had already joined the call. They were men of thought and action, and they suited their works to the spirit of animation and rebellion like unleashed lions. Yet the restless motion

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expressed in painting and sculpture was classically organized in fragmentation of form, lines, and color surfaces. Mr. Barr so describes Boccioni's controlled violence of motion in the period of his "States of Mind" and "The Farewells," the futurism which he was to desert for a more traditional approach before his death in 1916. The decline marked the end of the period, which naturally died with the war. Metaphysical painting—*scuola metafisica*—of which school Giorgio de Chirico was the founder and chief exponent, remained more individually aloof.

A great insight into De Chirico and the others who joined that movement was the painter's discovery of Friedrich Nietzsche's prose. "In his autobiography he recalls what seems to him to have been Nietzsche's most impressive innovation: 'This innovation is a strange and profound poetry, infinitely mysterious and solitary, based on *Stimmung* (which might be translated . . . as atmosphere) . . .' From Nietzsche's descriptions of deserted Italian squares came the basic inspiration for De Chirico's paintings of dream-lit piazzas. . . ." Regarding the excellent reproductions included in the volume, one cannot miss the eternal link between poet and painter, or the weight of these developments throughout the world.

A final section of the book is devoted to recent Italian sculpture, several examples of which have been lately added to the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art, along with paintings, drawings, and prints from the work of the forty-five artists discussed. Besides the older and middle generations including Modigliani and Morandi, three more famous "M's" are reviewed, Martini, Marini, and Manzù. It is a strikingly complete report of one of the greatest international influences of art in our day.

Art Book Notes

MARCEL BREUER: Architect and Designer, by Peter Blake. Architectural Record for the Museum of Modern Art. $4. Marcel Breuer, well known as the innovator of tubular steel furniture, has been in the United States since 1937, but except for an essay about his work published the year after his arrival, this is the first American critical treatment he has been afforded. Mr. Blake's text is spare and to the point, tracing Breuer's career from his birth in Hungary to Germany's famous Bauhaus as student and instructor, to England for a short stay, and finally to the United States.

Happily, Mr. Blake quotes his subject freely and aptly. From these quotations Breuer's credo emerges: he distrusts the intellectualized approach to architecture and the application of the social sciences to its problems; he is particularly interested in the practical requirements of architecture, such as materials, climate, etc.; he believes that the most important problem of our time is *selection.*

The book contains 196 illustrations of Breuer's work, some of it done in collaboration with his one-time master and partner, Walter Gropius. The author is curator of the Department of Architecture and Design of the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

PARAGONE: A Comparison of the Arts, by Leonardo da Vinci. Translation and introduction by Irma Richter. Oxford. $5.50. As Miss Richter points out in an introductory essay that is an important contribution to Da Vinci literature, modern esthetics and comparative criticism are a progressive and almost uninterrupted outgrowth of the formal discussions carried on by Leonardo and his contemporaries. Leonardo's treatise itself is printed in columns parallel with Miss Richter's translation—a translation which could not easily be improved upon. Miss Richter's abundant annotations, printed at the bottom of nearly every page, include apt quotations from critics and philosophers ranging from Horace to Herbert Read.

RAJPUT PAINTING, by Basil Gray. MUGHAL PAINTING, by J. V. S. Wilkinson. Pitman. $2.50 *each.* These paper-bound albums of Indian painting each contain ten fine color reproductions, well chosen to represent period, influence, and geographical origin. So closely related are the subjects that they might well have been included in a single volume. The notes on the page opposite each picture make pleasantly informative reading. The introductory essays offer a historical outline of the topics, but the editors' efforts to state who ascribes what to whom or to which period will tax the attention of most readers.

THE LANGUAGE OF PAINTING, by Charles Johnson. Cambridge University Press. $6.50. During the many years he has lectured at London's National Gallery, Mr. Johnson has become aware of the semantic screen that divides the average museum visitor from the art he loves and feels but somehow does not *understand.* There have been many books in the past which undertook to remove this screen, but the majority have been mere descriptions of the subject matter or discussions which got lost in the

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hogwallow of the writer's subjectivity. Mr. Johnson's book succeeds where most of its predecessors have failed. Mr. Johnson knows what he is talking about and he writes with rare clarity. I can think of no term or idea frequently encountered in art literature which he leaves undefined. Every generality is illuminated by a pointed reference to one or more of the eighty well-chosen reproductions in the book.

Rather than follow the conventional historical-chronological approach, Mr. Johnson concerns himself with the basic elements that make up a work of art and illustrates how they have manifested themselves at various periods. He has, however, wisely emphasized the painting of the five centuries from which the bulk of work in our museums is drawn. The result is an invaluable handbook.

MANET, by Henri Dumont. GAUGUIN, by André Leclerc. PICASSO, by André Leclerc. LAUTREC, by Henri Dumont. Crown. 59¢ each. Of these latest additions to the Hyperion Miniature Series, the volumes on Picasso and Lautrec are especially noteworthy, for reproductions of these artists' work in low-priced, pocket-sized books have been hard to come by. The Picasso volume contains pictures as recent as 1947. The selections in the Gauguin and Manet volumes are worth while but rather familiar. Each book has about forty plates, eight of them in color, and about five pages of introductory text.

ART THEN AND NOW, by Kathryn Dean Lee and Katherine Tyler Burchwood Appleton-Century-Crofts. $6. Since the appearance of Salomon Reinach's "Apollo" early in this century, we have been offered many one-volume histories of art, most of them written by members of college art departments for use in their classes. This first-rate example of the species should prove useful not only to college students but to anyone seeking a concise, lucid, and readable survey from ancient times to the present. In addition to nearly 400 pages of text, there are more than 250 illustrations, well chosen and well reproduced. Each chapter is followed by a useful bibliography.

DUTCH MASTER DRAWINGS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, by J. Q. Van Regteren Altena. Harper. $2.50. Most Americans would not find it easy to name offhand forty-two Dutch artists of the seventeenth century. Since this latest addition to Harper's reasonably priced Art Library does just that, and offers samples of their work as well, most of what one finds within its pages is unfamiliar and rewarding. There are fifty-seven drawings in all, one to a page, with a museum notation; there is also a brief biographical sketch of each artist. The selection, annotation, and introduction are the contribution of the director of the Amsterdam Rijks-Prentenkabinet.

—L. R. SANDER.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEADHEAD *Charles Marquis Warren* (Coward-McCann: $2.50)	Young man with memory gone, and valuable secret, needled all 'round Baltimore by thugs, private-eye, and two beautiful gals.	Tough, hard-boiled, speedy, and fantastic. Christmas Eve party on Chief Thug's Maryland estate is high point of yarn.	Raw meat
FRIDAY FOR DEATH *Lawrence Lariar* (Crown: $2)	Energetically unfaithful wife of N. Y. skip-chaser gets herself thoroughly killed. Husband, chief-suspect, gets in touch with the boy-friends.	Frenetic little number which takes gradually anesthetized reader on Grand Tour of Manhattan dives and reveals at least one very versatile character.	Nah!
THE MAN WHO HELD FIVE ACES *Jean Leslie* (Crime Club: $2.25)	Calif. hot-spot operator kills co-owner, covers traces neatly, and gives detective Teasdale quite a line—which convinces nobody.	Clinical study in psychology of killer embellished by blonde's bullets and bourbon. Detective is perhaps most understanding and magnanimous on record.	Fair

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the Phoenix Nest

POETS AND LADIES

DID Herrick's soul fill Julia's purse,
Or did she want another gift?
Did Celia welcome Carew's verse,
Content with adjectives and thrift?

Had he not also wooed the muse
Would Marvell's mistress have been coy?
Perhaps she feared he might confuse
Her charms with his poetic joy.

And did Lucasta understand
Why Lovelace loved not honor less?
We of a more prosaic land
Don't know, but we can make a guess.

—ALISON KIMBALL.

* * *

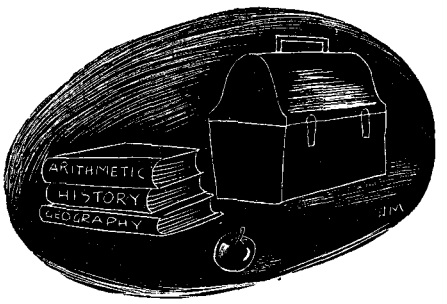
Miss Elima A. Foster, of Cleveland, Ohio, says I am in error "in thinking that Groton and St. Paul's are parochial schools. They are general schools under the auspices of the Episcopal Church and are attended by boys from many parts of the United States, a fair proportion of whom are not Episcopalians. A parochial school is one established by a local congregation or parish for the children of its members. Only rarely do those outside the particular parish attend such a school. There are a number of such Episcopal parochial schools, especially in the East, and their number is increasing. Other denominations sometimes support parochial schools. In Cleveland, for example, there are thirteen Lutheran parochial schools." I accept the correction. I do not believe in public support for these parochial schools. Every religious denomination has been offered the use of the same, free, democratic schools that have been offered to everyone else. In Paul Blanshard's "American Freedom and Catholic Power," a well-documented and courageous book, he puts the Catholic case in this way:

> If they do not wish to join the rest of the American community, that is their affair. Methodists, Baptists, Jews, and nearly everybody else except Catholics belong to the great fraternity of American public education. The Catholic people have not been blackballed; they have been elected to full membership, but their priests have persuaded them to stay away from the meeting. They should not pretend that they are being discriminated against. Methodists, Baptists, and Jews cannot collect public funds for their schools. Neither can Catholics. We must treat everybody alike.

You should, by the way, read the whole of this Chapter 5 in his book. It is called "Public Schools and Public Money."

As I have said before, I cannot give more space to this subject, but Kelly Janes of Monterey, Mass., writes:

> To me the Catholics are psychologically sound in their opposition to secular schools, like the public schools of California, where it is



> unlawful for a teacher to read aloud from the Bible in class or school assembly. For, as I see it, religion is the best preventative of schizophrenia, the divorce of the intellect from the emotional life. And when religion is absent from the school curriculum the pupils are apt to judge that religion is incompatible with education, to the damnation right here on earth of their souls.

That is as Mr. Janes sees it. I am also glad to extend space in this column, according to an old American principle of fair play, to the Rev. Francis X. Keul, of St. Joseph's Rectory, East Mauch Chunk, Pa. After saying he was amused by my "tart little verse" and then promptly forgot it, and remarking that the Founder of Christianity was even harsher against "misinformed persons" than a Prince of the Church had been, he proceeds, in part:

> The point of the whole controversy has, I fear, been obscured by all the cloudy language used in reporting it. The issue is not "Federal aid for schools," as it has been represented, but rather "Federal aid for children." Catholics have no desire to have their schools supported by the State, nor do they have any ambitions of establishing Catholicism as a state religion. What they do want is a stop to the discrimination practised against their children already, and an assurance that no further discrimination will be legislated. What they want is a guarantee that their children, citizens who happen to be Catholics, get the same social services of health, lunches, transportation, etc., as their neighbors' children, citizens who do not happen to be Catholics.
>
> It is for this reason that the analogy of the private fire department limps and limps badly. A privately established fire department could not expect to be supported by public funds and taxes. If, however, such a department could exist self-supported, and if a veteran's bonus were declared for the whole community, those veterans who were also members of the private fire department would not, by reason of their membership, be deprived of their bonus because they did not patronize the public fire department.
>
> Of course, the old canard "the traditional American belief in the separation of church and state" has been dusted off and trotted out even as it was in 1928, when the Pope was all packed to move into the White House with Al Smith. This traditional belief, for which Catholics have great respect by the way, is based on the First Amendment to the Constitution, which was written fifty-odd years before the public-school system was born. It never occurred to the Founding Fathers that their words would be twisted so as to restrict transportation, lunches, and health services to the portion of American children who attend tax-supported public schools. Those men, whose burning desire for freedom and equality prompted them to draw up the Constitution, would scarcely be edi-

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fied to see what I have seen more than once on a country road just outside our town: our parochial-school children plodding wearily along their two-mile trek to school, while a half-empty school bus belonging to the township passes them. That same bus, on its way to the public school, will pass our school; but the driver is forbidden, presumably by the First Amendment, to stop and pick up those six children. Thomas Jefferson would surely enjoy that!

Catholic parochial schools and, I presume, St. Paul's and Groton as well, do not teach only religion. Nor does their inclusion of religion in the curriculum cause them to neglect in any way those subjects which help to build good citizens. Hence they do their full share in the work of education—a work which without them would leave the already overcrowded public schools overrun by two and a half million Catholic children, necessitating the construction of literally thousands of new schools, employment of forty or fifty thousand additional teachers, and the added taxation such expenditures would demand. From a purely practical viewpoint, I would say that the taxpayer is getting off easily in having to supply only transportation, lunches, and health services to such a large group, and these only to those few who need them.

Finally, I must point out to you the innate dishonesty of the Barden Bill. According to its provisions, children in parochial and private schools are to be counted in calculating the amount of Federal funds to be allotted, but they are not to receive any of those funds!

I sincerely hope that you will devote some space in your column to a presentation of the Catholic side of the question. You mentioned a letter you had received, but there was nothing of its contents reported, probably because it was unsigned. I believe you to be above prejudice against any race or creed, and that is why I have taken the liberty of addressing you and pointing out the other side of the question, in hopes of clarifying the Catholic stand. I claim no official standing as a spokesman for the Church. I am merely a young assistant in a small country parish, a reader of your column, and a long-standing admirer of *The Saturday Review*, the PHOENIX NEST, and you.

That is all I can print on the subject, and the number of letters I have received is one reason why this department cannot afford to indulge in too much controversy. I simply have no way of doing justice to the correspondence! A number of letters I have answered personally. One infuriated lady afterward tendered me a handsome apology. One gentleman, after addressing me in his first letter with a haughty and hortatory "Sir!," considered my later mild arguments as beneath contempt. So let us pass on to other things!

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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(*Continued on page 41*)

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(Continued from page 40)

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WRITERS' MARKET CHARTS. Guaranteed fresh. Short-short, fillers, verse; 50¢ each chart, all 3, $1. CARLSON WADE, 516 Fifth Ave., NYC 17.

ATTRACTIVE, ENTHUSIASTIC LIBRARIAN seeks proper niche. B.S. in Education, B.S. in Library Science, 9 years' experience school and public library work. Children's, reference, assistant and head librarian. Box 80-A.

CINEMA 16 presents private showings of unusual films not presented in regular movie theatres. Gala premieres, discounts, free guest tickets. Information and programs: Dept. C, CINEMA 16, 59 Park Ave., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 9-7288.

WANT TO DISCOVER the stimulating pleasure of creative activity? Want to paint pictures, make etchings, manufacture your own colors, have your finished painting analysed, take up sculpture, explore the book, magazine and advertising arts, learn the how and why of lettering, layout and typography, illustrate or create fashion design? Then write for free catalogue "S," to: The Brooklyn Museum Art School, Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn 17, N. Y.

FAME AND RICHES spring from national publicity. Noted originator "Leave Us Alone Week," other national publicity, tells you how to publicize yourself or ideas. F. Lander Mooreman, Dept. S, Douglas, Ga.

START IN CAREER WANTED: writing, reporting, editing or publicity by young graduate: Yale B.A. (English); M.S. (journalism) Boston University. Qualified to teach. Some newspaper experience. Take magazine, newspaper, radio or associated position anywhere. Minimum pay. Box 360-A.

FREE CATALOGUE number 28 now tantalizing nice people everywhere. Peruse this bargain list with uninhibited joi de livres. H. H. Evans, Books, 1157 Sutter St., San Francisco 9, Calif.

NEUROTICA, a lay-psychiatric magazine. Authoritative, uncensored, enlightening, $2 year. 4438½ Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

NYC CRITICISM AT A GLANCE. Weekly summary 30 daily, magazine reviewers on current plays, new films. Sample 25¢, $10 a year. CRITICAL DIGEST, 505 Fifth Ave., NYC.

CULTURED GENTLEMAN is interested in correspondence with female, broadminded and music-lover. Box 255-A.

WILL TEACHERS and travel-loving femmes exchange experiences with fellow-teacher? Box 272-A.

ARE YOU TOO SOPHISTICATED to recognize a real bargain? Remember the wiseacres who wouldn't pay 50¢ for a five-dollar bill sight unseen? We offer nothing like that. But if you want to save from 25% to 85% on NEW BOOKS better write for details without delay. Alan Gardner, BOOK READERS' CIRCLE, 80 East 11 St., NYC 3.

LONELY? BORED? Here's many days' entertainment. World's largest Crossword Puzzle. 3424 definitions. 25¢ postpaid. Kroch's, 206 N. Michigan, Chicago.

PEDIGREED FRENCH POODLE PUPPIES. Browns and blacks, both sexes. Prices very reasonable. Box 296-A.

TALK FRENCH (idiomatic) in 12 lessons. Beginners, advanced, fun, business. Parisian, NYC. VAnderbilt 6-2550.

MILLINERY—your pet hat — reblocked — remodelled. Furs—fine felts—chic originals. MISS RUTH, 66 Fifth Ave., NYC. ORegon 5-2598.

JOB FLOUNDERING? Consult Helen Trimpe, Counselor, 342 Madison Ave., (44 St.) NYC. MUrray Hill 2-5330.

HONOR AMONG COOKS by Mary B. Spahr, M.D. gives the proud possessor superfine and proven ideas for using what is in the larder, and the Friends Service Committee its royalties for the world's hungry children. Copies, $2 each postpaid from CURRANT HOUSE, Ithaca, N. Y.

WINTER RESIDENCE for children under 12. North Carolina. Complete elementary tutoring, music, dancing, all sports. Foreign children welcomed. Box A-87.

LEARN TO WRITE! Successful editor and publisher will show you how to write for publication and profit. YOU CAN WRITE professionally if you have the basic rules, essential principles. You don't have to spend big money. Send only $2 for complete instruction folder. Nothing more to pay. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. AUTHORS' BUREAU, Dept. C, 527 Fifth Ave., NYC 17.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, executive ability, wishes part-time secretarial position. Writer preferred. Typing, no shorthand. Box 332-A.

PERSONALS

EXPERIENCED RESEARCHER, young college woman, wide knowledge Europe, legal background, editing, 4 languages, seeks full, part-time work. Box 333-A.

LIVELY, MATURE MISS invites correspondence with likewise Mr. Interests varies: people, music, books, writing, dancing, etc. Box 334-A.

YOUNG MALE would like to hear from unsophisticated young miss. Box 335-A.

GENTLEMAN, cultured, global interests, mentally, physically mature, seeks intellectual correspondence with female counterpart, broad-minded, sincere. Box 336-A.

INVITATION TO ESCAPE WINTER by visiting the cradle and the nursery of our civilization. I know Egypt, North Africa, Greece, Italy, France, etc., the local people, their customs and their languages. I seek agreeable company for a voyage this winter. 1 or 2 persons willing to spend about $40 a day each are requested to write for detailed proposition. References exchanged. Mr. K. A. Brad, 7, Warwick Gardens, London W. 14, Eng.

GRADUATE STUDENT, 25, social studies, economics, seeks position requiring ability, scholarship, and broad background. Box 339-A.

ENGINEER, ex-Marine, desires correspondence with idealistic, virtuous girl, compassionate to problems of all mankind, interested in philosophy of life. Box 341-A.

YOUNG PUBLISHED WRITER, M.A. in English, fluent French, German, Italian; seeks editorial or other humane position. Box 342-A.

WANTED: PHILANTHROPIST to underwrite young, professional woman in plan to promote better understanding between individuals throughout the world. Box 343-A.

OLD-FASHIONED, versatile femme would correspond with gentleman of integrity and wit. Box 344-A.

IS THERE A GENIAL mature gentleman to share life's riches via correspondence with a life-loving woman? Box 345-A.

WRITE THAT in our comfortable hillside home. Rent $400, period Dec.-March inclusive. Caylor, Southbury, Conn.

LONESOME, mature, refined, cultural, potential publisher seeks correspondence young lady. Box 347-A.

ATTRACTIVE GUY, 37, sufficiently endowed with brawn and brains seeks interesting job. Box 348-A.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., NYC 18. Half a block from 5th Ave. We are offering week-end rates for Friday Saturday and Sunday (3 nights): Single room and bath, $14; double room and bath, $20.50; Sitting room, bedroom and bath, $26.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

NEUROTIC? Rush to your bookstore for CONDITIONED REFLEX THEARY, just published, $3.75.

WOULD GENTLEMAN having diversified interests, exchange thoughts with cultured young woman? Box 349-A.

WOMAN, exceptionally talented in music and handicrafts, variously experienced, wants significant job, northern U. S. High I. Q., high structural visualization, A.B. degree. Box 350-A.

DORSET, VT., farmhouse, rented last winter by sabbatical professor writing book, for reasonable rent, Oct. to May. Oil heat. Box 352-A.

BACHELOR PROFESSOR, 38, needs apartment, housekeeping rooms, room, NYC. HELP! Box 353-A.

GOVERNESS OR WOMAN with nursery school training. Permanent position with family on Cape Cod caring for 2 children, 4 and 2. Private room, other help. Will interview in NYC or Boston. Box 268, Orleans, Mass.

WILTON, CONN. Wonderful week-end retreat. Wooded, hilly acre, good road, 8x12 hut, utilities, spring water nearby. Hour from NYC, $900. Westport 2-5778.

FEMALE DIOGENES, mature, not passe, seeks stimulating, articulate, mature, male correspondents. Box 340-A.

VERMONT FOR THE WINTER: Dorset; Fine old house on main road, half mile from village, every convenience and attraction, 6 bedrooms, 4 baths, oil heat, piano, victrola library, ski developments nearby. Owner going to Europe, will rent Oct. 15 to May. Edith Dulles Snare, Dorset.

INTERESTING MAN, pleasant personality, good phone voice, desires interesting position, preferably with radio, television or theatre connection. Box 357-A.

PLEASE HELP rehabilitate young widow. Your dollars needed and appreciated. Box 358-A.

COMPANION, experienced, capable managing small or large home. Enjoy elderly people. Free to travel. Box 359-A.

PERSONALS

WOMAN, refined, educated, vibrant, seeks correspondent similar qualities, matured chronologically, mentally. Box 305-A

YOUNG WOMAN, British, seeks correspondence professional business man, mutual interests: people, travel, books, music, theatre. Box 306-A.

SLIGHTLY BURNED FEMALE seeks correspondence with warm-hearted, liberal-minded, understanding male. Box 307-A.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE for limited group of young children. Pennsylvania. Intelligently supervised, excellent schools, cultural advantages. Box 308-A.

WILL THOUGHTFUL, articulate, prominent or successful, quite mature gentleman please write educated, discriminating, gay, wistfully adventurous, home-and-travel-loving lady? Box 309-A.

MEDIOCRE MALE in mental rut seeks new interests via feminine correspondence. Box 310-A.

WRITER unimpressed by female careerists, would find brief note refeshing from unintrepid girl. Box 311-A.

LONELY, FRANCO-AMERICAN LADY wishes cheering correspondence from sincere, mature male. Box 312-A.

DEVELOPED YOUNG MAN with desire for feminine correspondence, awaits impatiently communication of personality and being. Box 313-A.

YOUNG MAN seeks interesting companion for 2-week Mexican trip in Nov. or Feb. Mountain climbing, avoiding tourist meccas, learning Spanish. Box 314-A.

IF YOU HAVE real "writing gift" (fiction), live near city, have some free time week-ends, want to make more money, write: Box 316-A.

PROFESSIONAL MAN would like to share apartment, preferably Manhattan. Box 319-A.

CONGENIAL PROFESSIONAL WOMAN invites correspondence from business or professional men. Box 320-A.

UNDERSTANDING MALE, who smokes a contemplative pipe and likes to browse among beloved books, seeks congenial female pen-pal. Box 321-A

FRENCHMAN, 37, Political Science, Law, Resistance medal, press attache for government offices, English-speaking, desires secretarial position with company, statesman or press. Box 323-A.

SIMPLE, smartly tailored dresses, suits, coats. Sensible prices. Pleasant shopping conditions for busy career women. MISS GOODMAN, 362 Lexington Ave., (near 41 St.) NYC. MUrray Hill 5-0670.

IF YOU LOVE NATURE, music, art, flowers; are interested in science, literature, mathematics, history, philosophy, languages, believe in food selection and outdoor life, would you do a young man the honor of writing him? Box 325-A.

LIBRARIAN, man, 33, B.M. in music, available Washington, D. C. or vicinity. Box 326-A.

MATURE, PROFESSIONAL MAN would correspond with lady of independent ideas, personality and position. Box 327-A.

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITTANICA, 14th edition, 24 volumes, full limp pigskin in walnut cabinet, $125. Box 328-A.

TRAVEL-MINDED? Gentleman seeks partner for low-cost, foreign trips. Box 329-A.

BUSINESS WOMAN, cultured, interested in dancing, seeks correspondence with sincere gentleman. Box 330-A.

AFRICAN NEGRO STATUETTES, interesting statuettes, hand-carved in teakwood by natives of equatorial Africa. Size: 4 inches high, only $1.50 each EAST-WEST, 200 East 94 St., Brooklyn 12, N. Y.

HIGH SCHOOL MARM will swap brainwaves with male correspondent. Interested in anything relating to the Human Comedy. Box 919-H.

VACATIONS

PARMELEE FARM. Retired gentleman-farmer likes company. 447 acres magnificently wooded hills, entirely secluded. Fine food, spacious rooms, civilized city comforts. Chester, Vt.

BLUESPRUCE LANDING, West Brooksville, Me. Artist's peaceful seaside retreat. New England cooking.

HARBOR HILL, Cold-Spring-on-Hudson, N. Y. Beauty, peace, comfort. Good food, good talk.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, New York. Delightful peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. Inexpensive. North Clove 2421.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

COUNTRY VACATION! SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt. Superlative food. Cow-bar.

Printed by STEINBERG PRESS, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 810

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. Son of Joash, considered most prosperous King of Israel; reigned 51 years (Bib.).

B. Called "the Great," Holy Roman Emperor, crowned 962.

C. Resembling the liver (med.).

D. Legal minority; immaturity.

E. Place name applied to "dwellings" constituting a national monument in New Mexico.

F. Development.

G. Capital of Bahama Islands.

H. Clamorous; emitting a thunderous sound.

I. Narrative poem by Browning of a heroic Breton sailor.

J. An outbreak (Fr.).

K. One of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims who tells one of the tales.

L. Curious first name of composer of "The Bartered Bride."

M. Local or autochthonous.

WORDS

183 135 63 19 8 43 15 21

39 145 169 184

134 92 111 162 159 54 4 66

149 79 44 86 98 146

45 119 5 56 173 50 148 26 152

108 28 167 153 48 115 83 68

40 65 125 137 113 128

120 157 82 179 165 126

24 47 29 3 143 105 176 155 6

17 42 51 22 90 58

142 122 112 61 104

185 62 166 16 136 33 91

69 181 27 46 53 12 23

DEFINITIONS

N. Any of several "Acts" of Congress, esp. that of 1862, authorizing sale of public lands, etc.

O. Fearless.

P. Marked with spots or lines (bot. and zool.).

Q. American Protestant Episcopal bishop and hymnologist (1799-1859; "Softly now the light of day," etc.).

R. To carry in one's arms, or on one's shoulders or back (colloq. U. S.).

S. Class of cavalry in European armies distinguished by brilliant, much-decorated uniforms.

T. One related on the mother's side.

U. A thick stew of shredded chicken, mushrooms, celery, etc., served with fried noodles.

V. Not shackled; liberated.

W. English novelist and dramatist (1814-84; "Griffith Gaunt").

X. French melodrama, 1875, very popular in late nineteenth century (2 wds.; with "The").

Y. Hero of an epic poem by Vergil.

Z. Unmoving.

Z.[1] Beginning to exist, grow, or develop.

WORDS

64 25 121 60 129 37 74 97 171

150 70 49 182 57 38 156

139 76 118 36 133 13

78 89 117 18 141

175 110 103 9

131 172 81 102 93 72

73 106 132 163 154

1 55 31 130 77 161 7 59

34 87 71 170 11 67 107 96 100 147

109 30 123 75 99

20 52 127 160 10 35 116 164 180 151

101 95 114 80 174 144

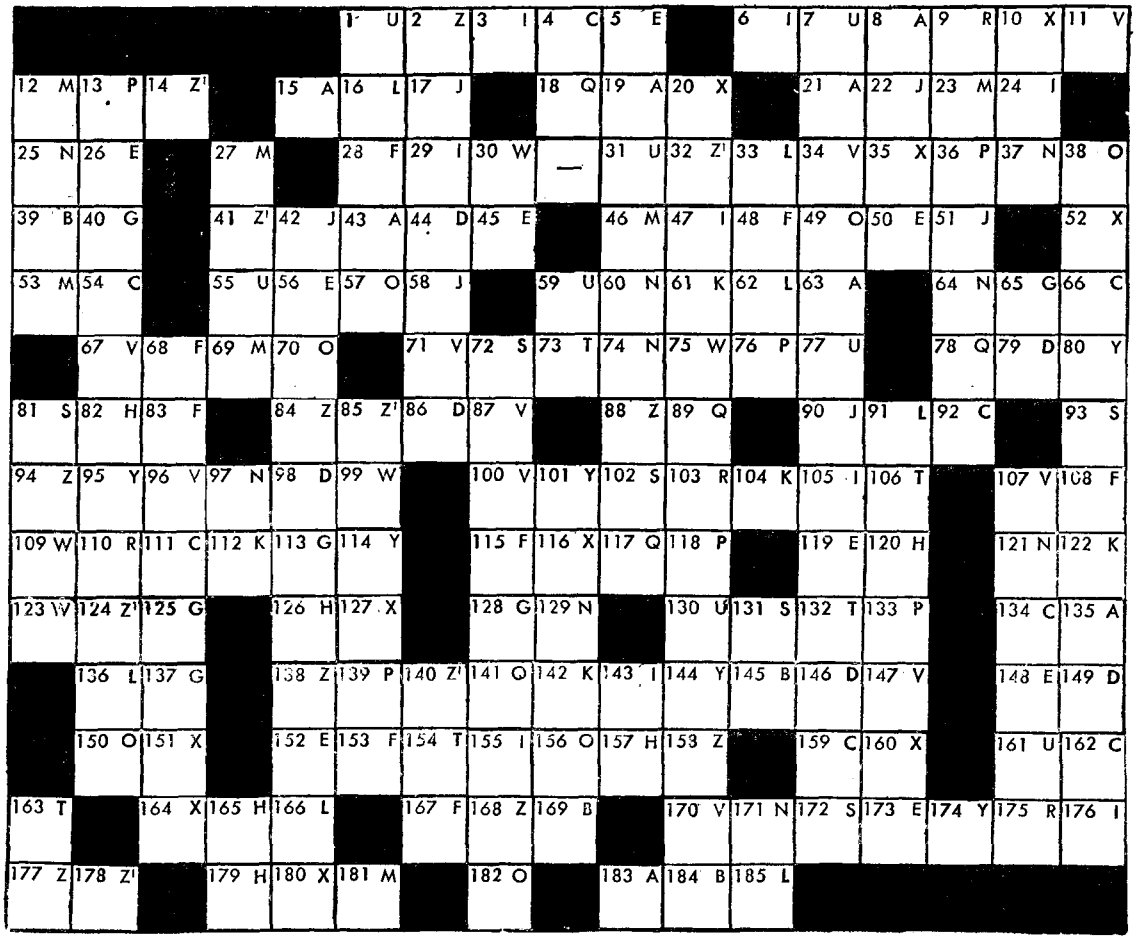
138 158 84 177 88 2 94 168

124 41 14 32 85 178 140

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 26 of this issue.

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What Makes Buzzie write Like tH is?

BUZZIE is just learning to write.

And every line he writes starts out with big, generous letters and ends up with little squeezed-up ones.

The trouble, of course, is that he hasn't learned to plan ahead. He concentrates on making those big letters, and lets the end of the line take care of itself.

Many grownups have the same trouble Buzzie has—not with their handwriting, but with their money.

They blow it all at the beginning, when it looks like there's nothing to worry about, and let the "end of the line" take care of itself. But it practically never does.

That's why the Payroll Savings Plan and the Bond-A-Month Plan are such a blessing. They are "human-nature-proof."

For you don't have to keep batting yourself over the head to save money when you're on one of these plans. The saving is done *for* you—automatically.

And remember, every U.S. Savings Bond you buy brings you $4 in ten years for every $3 invested.

So don't let your life run on like Buzzie's handwriting. Fix up the "end of the line" once and for all by signing up today for the Payroll Savings Plan—or, if you are not on a payroll, the Bond-A-Month Plan at your bank.

Automatic Saving is sure Saving — U.S. Savings Bonds

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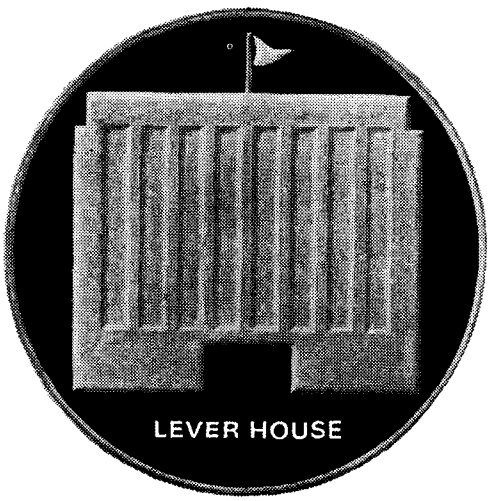

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